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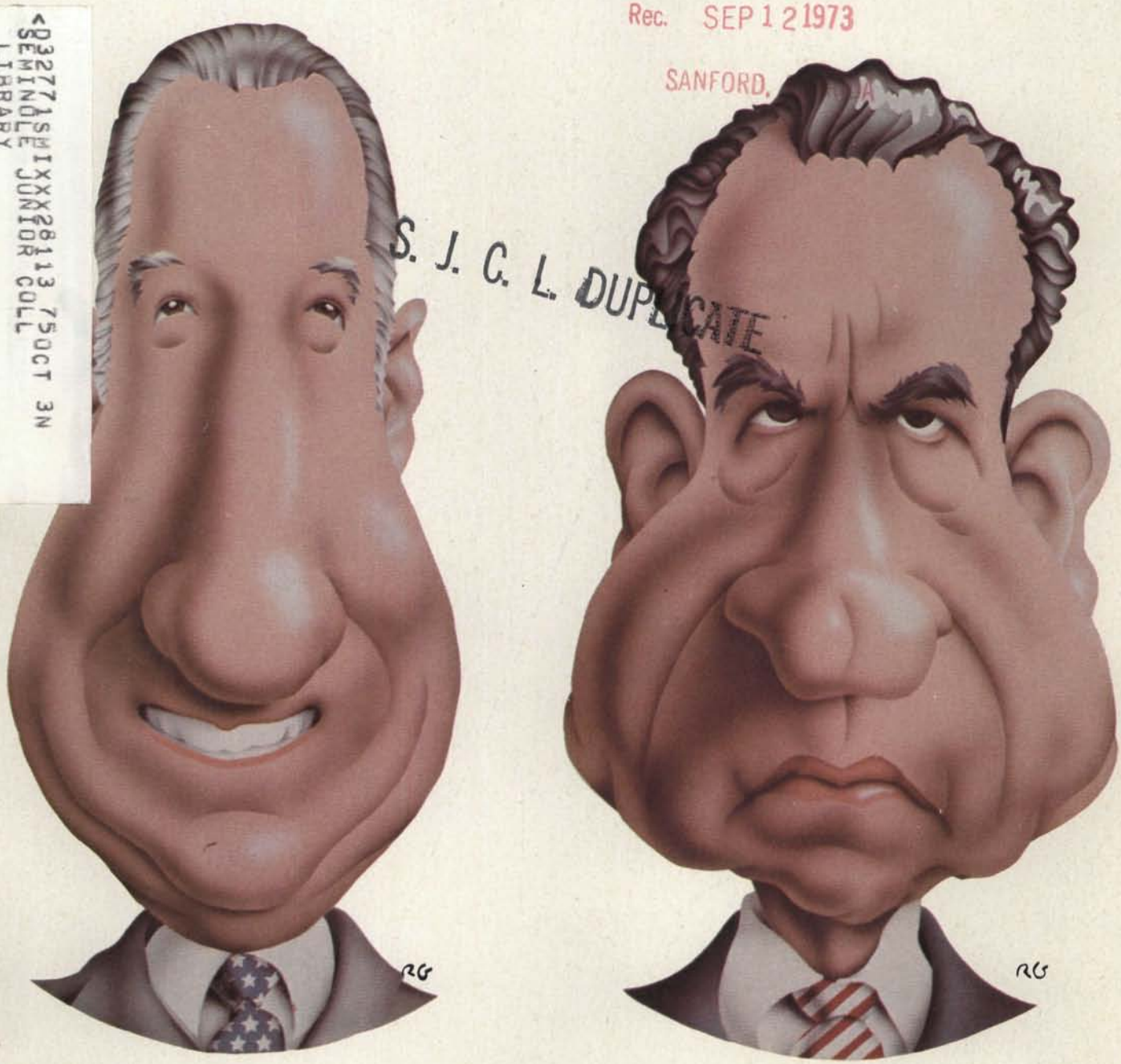

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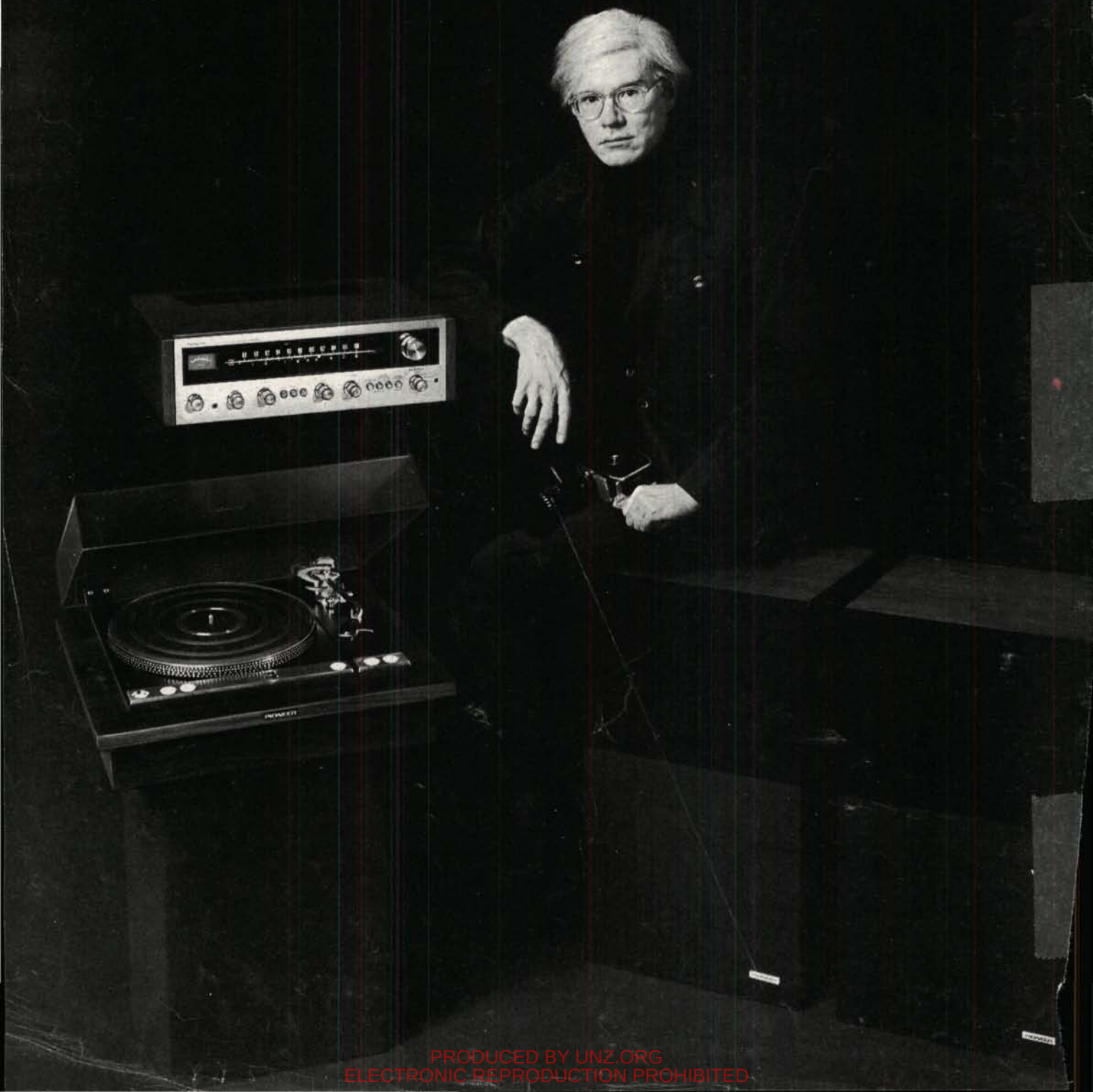

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Herein

6 **Letters**

12 **CAP: New Breeze in the Windy City**

A report by Derek Shearer

Chicago's amazing Citizens' Action Program has taken on everyone in town, from Mayor Daley to U.S. Steel. But CAP's greatest feat has been its ability to involve people who never before considered themselves activists.

18 **Che's Revenge: Trouble for Bolivia's Junta**

A report by James Kohl

The recent assassination of the man who captured Che Guevara symbolizes the current state of Bolivian politics: the same American-backed junta which had triumphed over the country's rural guerillas, is now threatened by its own internal conflicts.

21 **An Inside Look: Watergate and the World of the CIA**

A perspective by L. Fletcher Prouty

For ex-Air Force Colonel Prouty, who spent years working with the CIA at the highest levels, the Watergate revelations tell a special story. Hidden in the flood of testimony and documents are signs of an untold burgeoning of the intelligence community's power in the government.

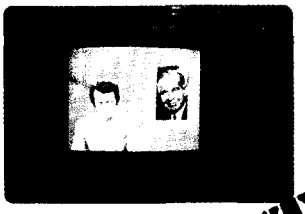
24 **Cleaning Up the Act: The Politics of Police Reform**

An analytical survey by Andrew Kopkind

Ever since the rebellions of the sixties, police departments have received a flood of funding, and a new breed of police "reformers" is anxious to help the lawmen spend it all. A network of these reformers make the rounds between the CIA, city police departments, and various reform foundations. Between them, they form the closest thing to a national police force this country has ever seen.

28 **Two Women**

A story by Renee Lieberman



31 **Nixon's "Lucky City": C. Arnholt Smith and the San Diego Connection**

An exposé by Lowell Bergman and Maxwell Robach

Down in San Diego, C. Arnholt Smith and friends used to collect and swap corporations and politicians the way boys do baseball cards. Now he's in deep trouble with the law. Behind the tax evasion and financial "self-dealing" exposed in the recent SEC and IRS suits against him, lies a netherworld of union bosses, gangsters—and the Nixon connection.

36 **The Strange Tale of The Secret Army Organization (USA)**

An investigation by Richard Popkin

The S.A.O., a fanatic, right-wing group centered in San Diego, had some terrifying plans for the Republican convention that was to be held there in 1972. These plans included bombing, mass terror, and perhaps even a plot to assassinate Nixon.

38 **Out of Gas: Notes on the Energy Crisis**

An analysis by James Ridgeway

There's good reason to suspect the energy industry's lavish scare campaign about the current "crisis." But there is a real energy problem, which the industry is bent on turning to its own advantage.

42 **Belfast's Children of Violence**

An exhibition by David and Philip Thompson

Years of violence in Northern Ireland have left an indelible mark on Belfast's children. The Thompsons have brought from Belfast a selection of children's art and poetry.

46 **The Almanac**

Resources by Derek Shearer

COVER BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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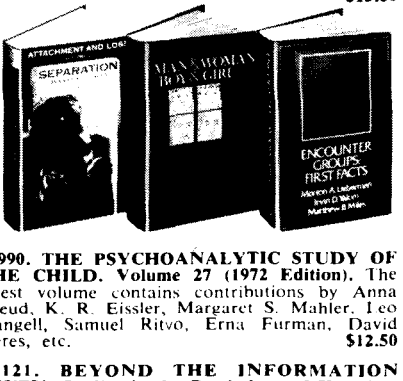

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Letters

[AMNESTY IN CANADA]

Editors / The Canadian government is about to enact certain immigration laws that will be of great benefit to tens of thousands of American war-resister exiles living in that country.

Many young Americans who found they could not in good conscience participate in the war in Southeast Asia refused service in the military. Others left the armed forces on their own when they realized the useless and destructive character of the war. About 40,000 to 50,000 American war resisters are in exile in Canada. Over half the exiles are there "illegally" because they could not meet the restrictive immigration standards of the Canadian government. They cannot legally get a job or have the benefits of governmental social services. They are always in fear of being discovered or deported.

Now, the Canadian government is about to adopt a new law, providing that for one final, not-to-be-repeated period of 60 days, every exile who arrived in Canada by November 30, 1972, irrespective of how he came there or under what conditions he stayed, may apply to have his residence in Canada legalized. Over 20,000 American exiles, therefore, will have a brief opportunity to regularize their lives in Canada until such time as the American people welcome them back with a general amnesty.

But the identities and whereabouts of these war-resister exiles are, of course, unknown. It is therefore essential that their families and friends inform them immediately of the new Canadian law and urge them to be in touch promptly with the American exile "aid center" nearest them for help with the process of applying to Canadian government authorities for obtaining "landed immigrant" status. Those who do not know the exile "aid centers" in Canada should write to the National Council of Churches, Room 766, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Henry Schwartzschild
Project on Amnesty
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, N.Y.

[POWs]

Editors / It is true that the government's portrayal of the returned POWs as heroes is hypocritical and absurd. But is it necessary for anti-war personalities to make careless and all-inclusive statements that could be as damaging as the Pentagon's brutal charges?

Does Ms. Fonda really believe she is preventing the government from turning the POWs into "heroic victims" by making statements that lend themselves to misrepresentation and that make the American people even more willing to accept government propaganda? I doubt it.

The POWs' lack of compassion for the Vietnamese people in no way justifies our lack of compassion for the POWs. Let the ignorant, self-righteous officers continue to make damaging accusations. Let us show reason in our statements and show concern for human beings in a horrible dilemma. Compassion should not be selective.

Tim Hosey
Terre Haute, Indiana

Editors / There is an irony inherent in the stories of maltreatment by the returning POWs that you forgot to mention in your article. Even if one were to accept their stories at face value, one would still have to admit that the treatment they received was considerably better than one could expect at a typical American prison (not to mention the treatment of prisoners of the South Vietnamese, or for that matter, the Greek or Brazilian Governments). They were not subjected to homosexual rape by their fellow inmates, thrown into strip cells at the slightest provocation by sadistic guards or murdered outright. Compared to San Quentin or Soledad, "The Hanoi Hilton" was a country club.

Robert J. Yaes
St. Johns,
Newfoundland
Canada

[THE GURU GAME]

Editors / The religion of the Holy Subaru is indeed not a wax banana. It consists of an entirely different Substance, and that's with a capital 'S.'

Arthur Richards,
Madison, Wisc.

Editors / Concerning the latest avatar of the anti-Christ, the false guru Maharaj Ji—anyone familiar with the life of Marjoe Gortner should recognize the fraud being perpetrated. The basic Hindu pantheon, sexual sublimation from the RC's (among others), and the confusion and naivete of American youth—all are tools of the antagonist as is the child Balyogeshwar.

Paul R. Burnett
Washington, D.C.

Editors / In 1965 Sing Out Magazine devoted almost an entire issue to Bob Dylan's conversion to electric music, citing the Byrds as an example of unkosher folk eclecticism, & branding Dylan as a total sellout. But no matter how pissed off & confused all his folkie friends were, it just didn't much matter. Dylan was truly what was happening. He wasn't false, he was just guilty of expanding his values.

Ken Kelley's Guru Maharaj Ji article smells a lot like Sing Out did. Especially the

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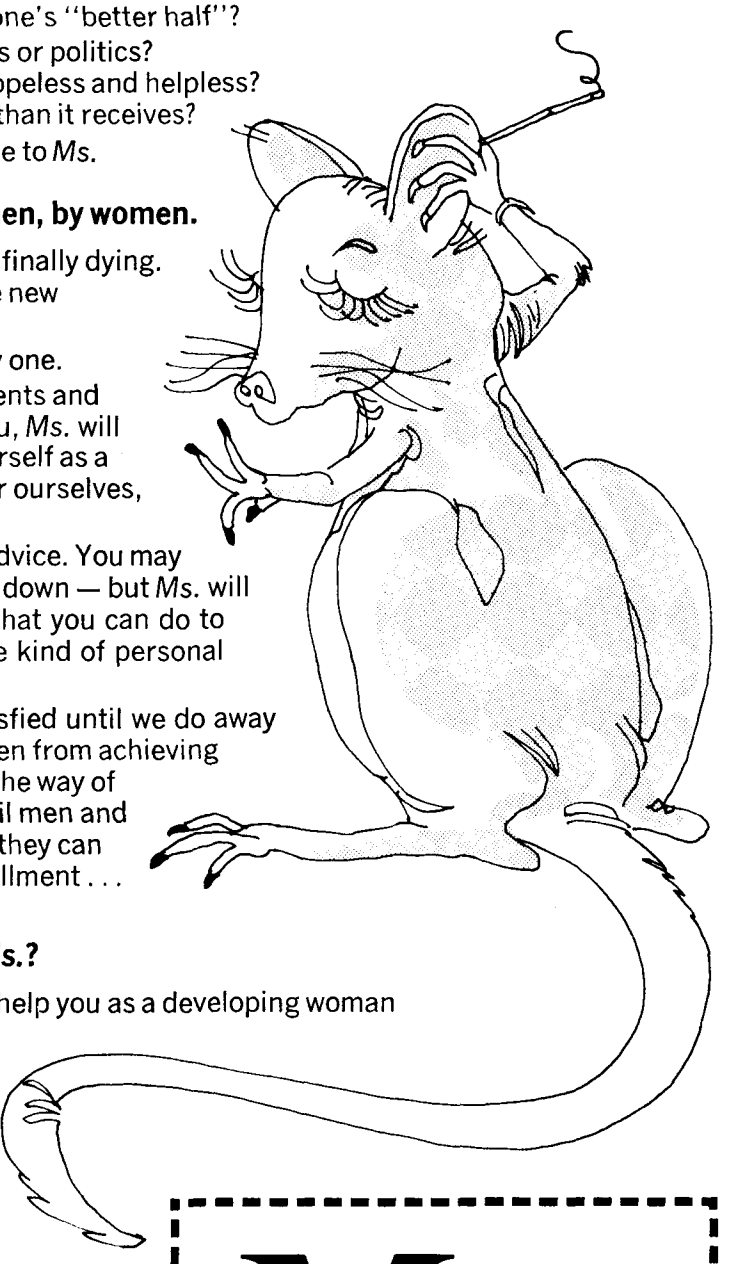

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way he's so smug about this knowledge Maharaj Ji's supposed to be giving (not selling). It's like fat city councilmen putting down acid. You lose your mind, walk in front of cars. Except that Ken accuses Premies of not digging sex & movies & rock festivals, as if they ever brought the Revolution. We only came down afterwards, man.

So what about this knowledge? Is it bullshit or is it not bullshit? I was waiting all through his article for some kind of Sincere opinion. Really, his writing sounded so much like some psychologist trying to explain peyote.

Jim Mahoney
Charlottesville, Va.

Editors / "A Reader's Guide to the New Mysticism" (July 1973) was verrry interesting. I could hardly imagine there were so many elaborate ways to lobotomize oneself.

Also interesting was Joan Apter's statement that the Knowledge is perfect communism, perfect fascism, perfect totalitarianism, etc. ("Blissed Out with the Perfect Master"). Too bad the Guru Maharaj Ji wasn't blowing around in the 1960's. Then we could have had perfect segregation, perfect racism, perfect lynchings, etc.

Jim McWilliams
Holly Ridge, Miss.

[REVOLUTION IN CHILE]

Editors / As a student for two years of Chile, and especially of the agrarian reform, and having spent six months studying in Chile, I was glad to see some coverage in the article by Jose Yglesias, "Revolution in the Countryside" (*Ramparts*, June 1973). However, I think that several additional points should be emphasized.

(1) The agrarian reform is a good example of the limits of trying to make a revolution within the existing legal system—specifically, within the limits of the agrarian reform law of the previous government.

(2) While it is true that land take-overs have been over-emphasized in the press, a more important phenomenon that receives little attention is the rapid growth of peasant unions, from 1,600 members in 1965 to well over 200,000 now, nearly one-third of Chile's peasants. Well over half of these are in pro-government unions, and strikes and take-overs *have* continued to increase.

(3) The present structure of the countryside exemplifies the limits of the bourgeois-reformist law. As Yglesias points out, expropriations under the law are nearly completed, yet only 36% of agricultural land is in the public sector. Worse, only *18%* of Chile's peasants have benefited, and they are becoming a privileged sector. Sixty percent of the 700,000-plus peasants are subsistence farmers (*minifundistas*) and have not benefited from the reform. In addition, the most productive sector is still in the hands of the capitalists: medium-sized farms (those exempt from expropriation under the law, plus the reserves left to owners) occupy 42% of the land and 56% of marketed production.

(4) The final point concerns the "sure conclusion that the changes are irreversible." It is true that the peasants would fight rather than let the big landowners take back their land. However, the opposition is not so naive as to even propose this. The capitalists are doing quite well on the medium-sized farms, with the capital and equipment that the law allowed them to remove from their old farms. The opposition is pushing instead for the expropriated farms to be split up among the peasants instead of forming cooperatives or state farms. Because of peasants' desire for security in their possession of the land and also because of some of the problems of cooperatives, the proposal has the support of some peasants. However, parceling out the land would be disastrous for the U.P. and for agricultural production, for it would in effect create even more *minifundia* (subsistence farms). Thus, while farms will not revert to the old system of huge holdings, there is no guarantee that the expropriated sector will remain under public control.

Van R. Whiting, Jr.
New Haven, Conn.

[IMAGE TO THE EDITOR]

Carl Muecke San Francisco, Calif.

[PRISONS]

Editors / I haven't seen *Ramparts* in a couple of years and fine it a much more exciting magazine than I had remembered. The article in the June issue on Ruchell Magee is fascinating and the subject of much discussion among the politicals here at San Francisco County Jail. For myself, articles such as this point up many of the contradictions which I had not been cognizant of despite the recent completion of a degree in criminology—I am, so to speak, currently involved in post-graduate study of the most intimate and intensive nature and consider articles such as this and Yee's article on Soledad to be among the most valuable texts which I have read on how Amerikan justice really works.

Do keep up the good work. I know only too well how easy it is for the student, the white liberal, all of us, to deny that these injustices are real and to write the Ruchell Magees off as "nuts." Articles that expose the realities of the so-called adversary system are desperately needed and hopefully, in time, will bring about public awareness and eventual change to a system which currently places procedural niceties before justice.

Name withheld
San Francisco County Jail
San Bruno, Calif.

[PRAISE, THIS TIME]

Editors / After a two-year absence from the radic-lib scene and having nurtured an impassive infliction of apathy toward all governmental activities, I nevertheless persuaded myself to purchase the June issue of *Ramparts* magazine.

I never felt better. It was cathartic and refreshingly demonstrative that, although I have cleansed my mind of skepticism, there are still people living in America who are bringing to public awareness governmental corruption with the vigor and drive prevalent during the late '60s.

And with the Watergate scandal, it only goes to prove one thing: who's been right all along.

J. G. Gosciak
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editors / I'm disturbed by the narrow sectarianism voiced by a portion of your readers. If this magazine is to remain true to its title, it must increase its perspective to include radical surveys of all of society. There are other journals dedicated to the analysis of specific facets of life and their importance cannot be denied. But *Ramparts*, as a general magazine of The Revolution, must remain inclusive, and even broaden its scope.

The recent blissing out of Rennie Davis helps clarify the issues involved. Rennie's turn to what may be a spurious form of spiritualism indicates the failure of the New Left to address the full needs of the individual—the psycho-spiritual needs and the operational techniques for transcending the old self, without which all our actions are doomed to be a repetition of past error. The record of past revolutions speaks ominously of this. Just being right about what's wrong is not enough. The complete revolution will bring a new way of living—with one's self, one's fellow humans, and the entire created world.

The Nixon years have not only given this country an insight into the underlying corruption of the capitalist system; it has also given us a breathing space to regroup and grow for the next stage of the revolution. During these grey days many of us have taken a second look at the Eastern philosophies we had flirted with earlier. We have been discovering a framework within which to create a truly revolutionary society that can avoid the dogmatism of abstract theories *and* the copping-out of the Nirvana freaks.

I'm glad to see *Ramparts* broadening its

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horizons and beginning to take cognizance of previously ignored aspects of the Revolution. I hope you continue to grow in this way.

Ron Herzog
New York, N.Y.

[ELECTION SPECIAL]

Editors / For one reason or another I have been a sporadic reader of *Ramparts* for about three years. After devouring July's issue from cover to cover I plan on changing my relationship with your magazine.

I guess what started my enjoyment of July's issue was the story on Paul Soglin. I was up in Madison right after the Presidential election/farce and I got the chance to talk with Soglin fans. Schwartz's story was damn fine.

Then I had the pleasure of turning the page and seeing a story on HRP. Ann Arbor has taken a few political setbacks as of late but my encounter with their spokespeople led me to believe these were only temporal things.

What bothered me, as I read on and saw Goldberg's Berkeley story, was why *Ramparts* hasn't done a story on a university community that remains entrenched in reactionary politics and student apathy. Balance, you know. Send one of your people to West Lafayette and I'll be glad to show him around. The silence is deafening.

D. W. Moreau, Jr.
Purdue Exponent
West Lafayette, Ind.

Editors / I want to disassociate myself from the article on the Berkeley city elections, which appears in your June issue under my byline.

The article was apparently rewritten to conform in style to the three other articles on local electoral politics, and in the rewriting, several things got jumbled.

I stated that after a certain point, Mayor Warren Widener would "occasionally vote with the radicals on non-substantive issues to keep up his liberal image, but still allow conservative-moderate positions to prevail."

Somehow this was changed to: "Thereafter, although Widener repeatedly voted with the radicals, their four votes had become a minority." This is plain untrue.

Later on it is implied that Widener's break with the radicals occurred fairly recently. I, however, made it quite clear that the Mayor was never part of the April Coalition, and that the real break occurred in the summer of 1971 over the budget.

Also, it should be noted that several passages in which I attempted to show how the "liberals" had allied themselves with the downtown business interests (such as on the Rent Control charter amendment), were just plain omitted in the rewrite.

Naturally, these changes, plus the turgid style of the rewrite, do not make me feel particularly close to the piece. Once again, please allow me to disassociate myself from it.

Art Goldberg
Berkeley, Calif.

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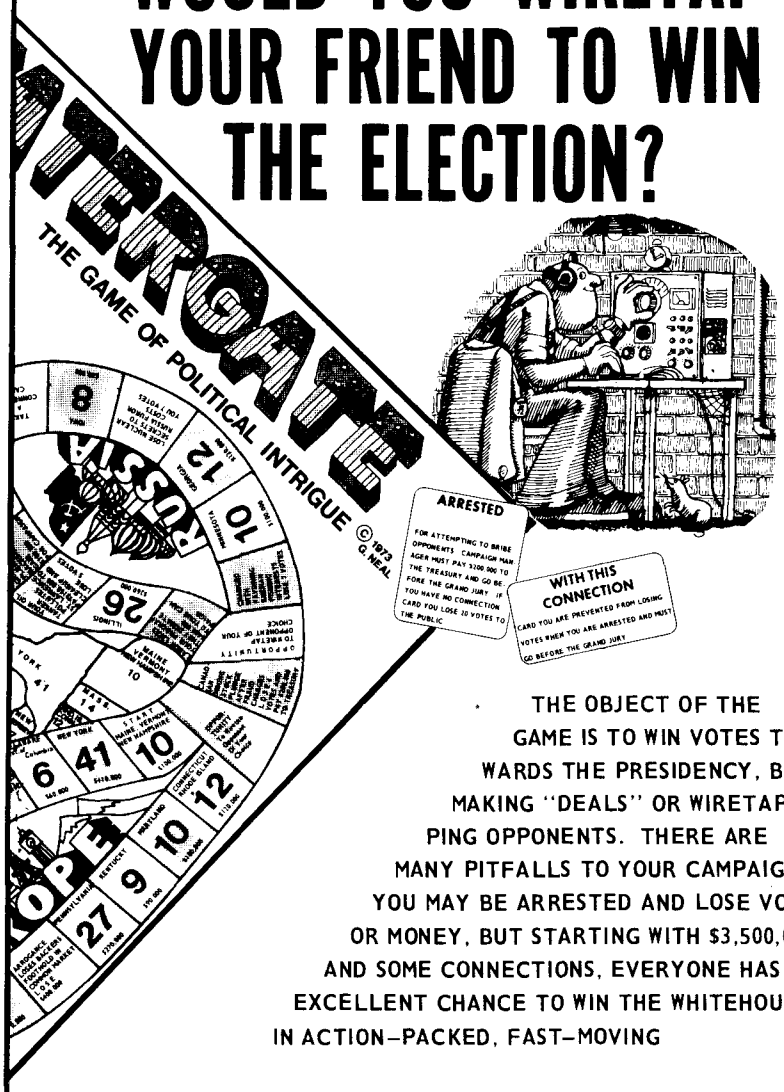

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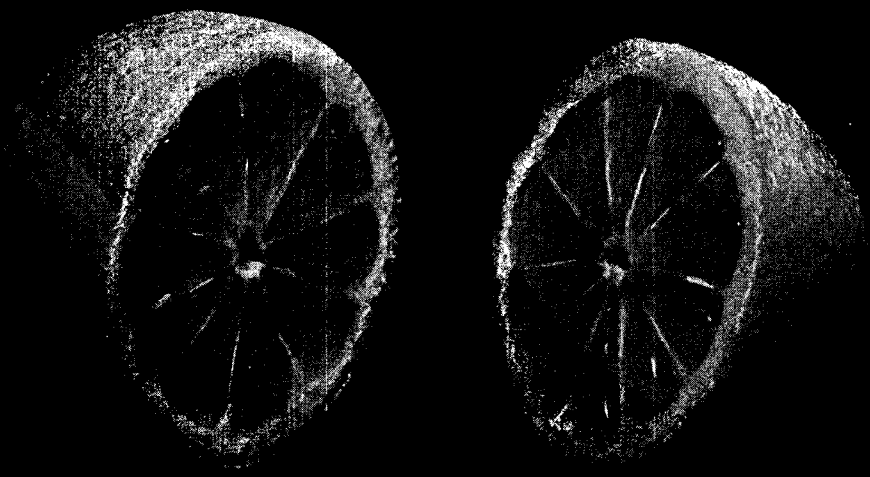

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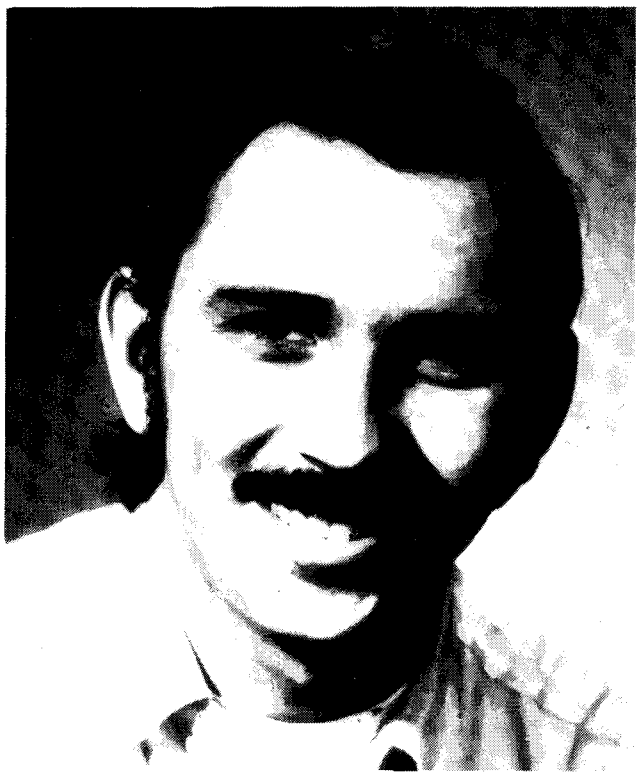
Pfc. CHARLES ROUGLE, U.S. Army
Helena, Montana
APO Address: Stockholm, Sweden

"What ever happened to Charley Rougle when he got out of the Army?" He didn't.



In March, 1969, Charley was faced with the most difficult decision of his young life; either be shipped to Vietnam or to refuse further military service. At Ft. Lewis, he heard about Vietnam from combat veterans; body-counting, the smack epidemic, and the rest. Also, he heard the protests of the anti-war Congressmen and saw peace demonstrations on TV.

Charley made his choice–rather than participate in the destructions of Vietnam, he went to Sweden. He's been there for four long years now, isolated from family, home, and friends. There are a million Americans who, like Charley, need amnesty. Nearly one out of four enlisted men have deserted from the military for varying periods since 1966. Over 560,000 service people (half of whom are Third World) have received bad discharges since 1965. Tens of thousands of others refused registration or induction. Thousands more are subject to prosecution for acts directly related to their opposition to the war.

Today, these hundreds of thousands witness a cruel paradox. Even the architects of the war (McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, et al–remember them?) rush to denounce the war as a "mistake". Yet, these vets are denied what they need–an amnesty for their "crimes" of resistance!

The SAFE RETURN Amnesty Committee is a national organization committed to winning a universal, unconditional amnesty for *all* categories of war resisters. SAFE RETURN is also assisting the formation of FORA, Families of Resisters for Amnesty–a locally-based network of committees, composed solely of resisters' family members. In the coming months, both committees will launch a national campaign to dramatize the demand and need for amnesty.

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Resistance

CAP: NEW BREEZE IN THE WINDY CITY

by Derek Shearer

CAP Confronts Mayor Daley

Daley angrily gestures at the Rev. Leonard Dubi, co-chairman of the Citizens' Action Program, when the citizens group demanded public hearings on any issuance of city bonds. Daley said: "I'm shocked at you. What kind of priest are you . . ."

In November 1969, Chicago suffered a temperature inversion. For almost a week a deadly cloud of polluted air hung over the city. According to newspaper accounts, Commonwealth Edison was one of the major contributors to air pollution, and the company became the focus of some public attention. At about this time, Saul Alinsky—the nationally known radical organizer—was walking through Chicago's O'Hare airport and he bumped into Mike Royko—the nationally-known popular columnist. Royko asked Alinsky what he was going to do about the air pollution, and Alinsky is said to have replied, "You write a column Mike, and if you get a response I'll do something." Royko wrote a stinging column and received over 300 letters from angry citizens, which he turned over to Alinsky.

It was an important moment in the history of the Windy City, for it marked the inception of a grass-roots organization that would pose one of the most serious challenges that Mayor Richard Daley would face in his long tenure as America's prototypical Boss. CAP would become a household word in Chicago, and radical populism would become a force with which one of the most powerful political machines in American history would have to contend.

Alinsky gave the letters to trainees who were studying organizing in Chicago at his Industrial Areas Foundation Institute. The students contacted 30 or so of the more promising letter-writers and formed a group of concerned citizens. This nucleus, using informal contacts with civic associations, the church and Chicago universities, rounded up almost 200 people to attend a public hearing of the Illinois Commerce Commission to protest Edison's request for a rate increase.

It was a heterogeneous group which attended the hearing: white collar people, blue collar workers, scientists, upper class ecology folks, and a few young radicals. They were not received warmly. First, they were told that the elevators were out of order and so they had to trudge up 19 flights of stairs. When they reached the hearing room, most of the group were prevented from entering the meeting. They got angry, and out of their anger grew CAP, the Campaign Against Pollution, and later the Citizens' Action Program.

On January 15, 1970, the veterans of the Edison hearing held a meeting, decided to form an organization, and adopted three demands: 1) Edison must use low sulfur fuel, 2) the ICC must reduce Edison's rate increase, 3) the City Council must pass an air pollution ordinance. The Alinsky trainees proposed that CAP be organized around local, neighborhood chapters with a representative steering committee empowered to make decisions and call for direct action. At this stage, the key organizers were Peter Martinez, from a working class neighborhood in Chicago, and Jack Mack, a Jesuit priest; they were clear in their own minds that a city-wide organization was needed to compete for power with the Daley machine. The guts of the operation had to be good, local neighborhood organizations," explains Martinez, "but to be successful they had to be tied to struggle at the metropolitan level."

Of course, a good organizational structure is never enough to guarantee political success. One basic tenet of Alinsky-style organizing is that organizers do not become leaders: they find, develop and support indigenous leadership. In this case, they had good material to work with.

[THE RADICAL AND THE PRIEST]

Had central casting been asked to produce two male leads for a movie called "You *Can* Fight City Hall" they could not have come up with better candidates than Paul Booth and Rev. Leonard Dubi—the two people who served as CAP's co-chairpersons from 1970 to 1973.

Booth had attended the ICC hearing as an interested observer. At the follow-up meeting in January his organizational skills became apparent and he was chosen as temporary chairperson. At 29, Booth is a veteran of SDS and the labor movement. While still an undergraduate at Swarthmore, he helped to draft the famous Port Huron statement. Along with Tom

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PHOTOS BY DON CASPER COURTESY OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

He then walked out of the meeting while C A P members continued to shout.

Hayden, Rennie Davis, Al Haber, and Lee Webb, he was part of the SDS old guard which initiated the Economic Research and Action Projects (ERAP) in poor communities all around the country.

Booth left SDS around 1966 when more romantic, adventuresome, and militant young people took over the leadership, and he went to work as research director for the Packinghouse Workers (AFL-CIO). He then became a research fellow at the University of Chicago's Adlai Stevenson Institute, where he was studying when CAP got underway. Booth's tactical experience and his background in economics proved important to the successful growth of CAP.

Soon after Booth took the post of temporary chairperson, the Chicago *Tribune* ran a redbaiting article detailing his SDS background. Partly to allay the fears of some of the neighborhood groups which had joined CAP and partly to broaden the base of the leadership (despite his considerable skills, Booth represented no real constituency), Reverend Leonard Dubi, a Catholic priest, was chosen as a co-chairperson.

The 30-year-old Dubi was raised on the Southeast side of Chicago, son of a steelworker and a practical nurse. He is sophisticated and handsome, and looks like a somewhat thinner version of Robert Redford. As co-chairperson, he brought into the organization his own constituency, the people in the parish of his church, St. Daniel the Prophet, which is located in a blue and white collar district in Southwest Chicago near Midway airport. The neighborhood lies between the largest sewage treatment plant in the world and several major factories–among them Argo Corn Products, one of the largest waste polluters in the area. The neighborhood is called Garfield Ridge and pollution is an everyday problem. Residents complain that the paint peels off their homes within two years, that the trees on their lawns are dying, and that their children can't play outside without choking.

Like other young men at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Dubi was excited by the civil rights movement, the peace movement and the war on poverty. At his first parish assignment he tried to spread his concerns to his flock. "I was the typical liberal do-gooder," he said during our interview in his office at the Church rectory. "I preached at my parishioners, instead of listening to their problems and ministering to them. When I moved to St. Daniel's, I resolved to listen to the people of the neighborhood and find out what bothered them."

He quickly learned what troubled those people–bad schools, filthy air, heavy tax burdens.

"I learned that their problems and the problems of the black and the poor were not that different," explained Dubi. "Both were powerless. Both believed that you can't fight City Hall.

Dubi was contacted by Alinsky trainee Jack Mack about the ICC hearing. He spoke with some of his parishioners, who in turn held meetings over coffee and gathered a group to attend the hearing. When CAP was formed, Garfield Ridge boasted one of the first and most militant chapters.

[A PAGE FROM ALINSKY]

The tactics used by CAP in its battle with Commonwealth Edison came straight from the pages of Alinsky's slim volume, *Rules for Radicals*: imaginative, highly visible actions, which gave CAP members a chance to participate directly in embarrassing Edison and its allies. In late February 1970, for example, 50 or so CAP members, mostly housewives, walked into the First National Bank building where Edison is the prime tenant and began cashing in dollars for pennies, which they taped to news releases which read, "Commonwealth Edison Pinches Pennies on Pollution." They passed the flyers out in the bank, then rode the elevators to the Commonwealth Edison executive offices on the 37th floor. They marched to the president's office and presented his assistant with pamphlets which advised people to wait for the second notice before paying their electric bill, "then send a penny for their pollution program."

Rev. Dubi led his chapter into a meeting with a Chicago alderman which ended in a shouting match. Another chapter confronted Alderman Paul Wigoda and pressured him into arranging a meeting with Mayor Daley for 25 CAP members. The organization showed up at City Hall with its delegation of 25, while almost 1,000 other members waited in the corridors. Daley freaked. He refused to see the CAP representatives, who were ready to demand that Daley intervene in the Edison dispute and that the City Council pass a new and tougher anti-pollution ordinance.

In March, Commonwealth Edison announced that they were beginning to purchase some low sulfur fuel.

On April 27, CAP sought to put Alinsky's idea of "proxy power" into action by packing Edison's annual

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meeting with over 1,000 holders of proxy votes gathered from sympathetic owners of Edison stock. Father Dubi led a band up the center aisle, shouting at J. Harris Ward, Commonwealth's president, "You have our demands. We will be back in an hour for your answer."

In the lobby of the Prudential Building, a few feet from the auditorium where the meeting was taking place, Studs Terkel led 800 other CAP demonstrators in chants of, "Let us Breathe." The crowd sang songs, and, at one point, 73-year-old CAP member Martha Rodriguez entertained everyone by doing a dance with her tambourine.

Reporting on the action, the Chicago *Sun-Times* wrote, "The young people had made it seem like a civil rights or anti-war rally; the middle-aged like a union meeting, and the old people like a Golden Agers outing. Nobody in the lobby made it seem like an annual meeting of a big corporation . . . three or four of the old ladies sang the Star Spangled Banner."

A few days later, the City Council, with Alderman Wigoda lobbying heavily for CAP's position with the Mayor, passed a strict new air pollution code. In July, the ICC cut Edison's rate increase and made it contingent on reducing pollution. It was an undisguised victory for the fledgling organization.

RAYMOND KAEPPLINGER

"Kitchen Kuties"

Senior citizens' band that performed at a C.A.P. convention.

[PERSONALIZING THE STRUGGLE]

CAP's next targets were the Metropolitan Sanitary District and then U.S. Steel. Using tactics similar to those in the Edison campaign, CAP pressured the District into both instituting an industrial waste surcharge (i.e. making companies pay the cost of cleaning up their pollution) and phasing out polluting processes at the Stickney waste treatment plant in the Garfield Ridge area where Dubi's church is located.

In trying to force better pollution control at U.S. Steel's huge South Works complex, CAP used the Alinsky technique of personalizing the struggle. "We couldn't boycott a $4.5 billion corporation which doesn't sell directly to the people," Bob Creamer, a CAP staff organizer and researcher, told a reporter, "So we began to look at the board of directors." One director in Chicago was Gordon Metcalf, chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co. CAP demanded that Metcalf get U.S. Steel Midwest Vice-President Edward Logelin to do something about the pollution. When Metcalf refused, CAP picketed two Sears stores and distributed leaflets explaining its campaign against U.S. Steel.

Then CAP discovered that Logelin had been nominated as one of four candidates to the governing body of the United Presbyterian Church. It also learned that in 1970 the Church's General Assembly had passed a resolution recommending that "all Presbyterians raise environmental issues with employers. . . ." Armed with such righteous facts, Father Dubi and a small group flew to Rochester and held a news conference on the morning before the balloting for new church leaders was to begin. Dubi declared Logelin "unfit" for church leadership because he and his company condoned air pollution. In the subsequent balloting, Logelin was soundly defeated.

At the same time, CAP opened another front in the battle by charging that U.S. Steel's South Works were grossly underassessed for tax purposes in 1969 and in 1970. Booth had assembled young college graduates to research the question, and they discovered that taxpayers were being deprived of $16.5 million in taxes by the underassessment. CAP's research made front page news in Chicago. They followed up with direct action at the office of County Assessor P. J. ("Parky") Cullerton. When the school deficit was announced, along with a plan to close the city's schools for an extra twelve days, CAP enlisted the support of the PTA in its fight against U.S. Steel's unfair assessment.

Eventually the pressure began to bear fruit. The president of U.S. Steel met with CAP's leaders to assure them that the company was speeding up the installation of pollution controls. And CAP's exposé led to a $5 million hike in U.S. Steel's tax bill.

With a few anti-pollution victories under its belt and growing popular support, CAP's steering committee held a leadership retreat in September 1971 at which they decided to change CAP's name from Campaign Against Pollution to the Citizens' Action Program and to make CAP a multi-issue organization. As Paul Booth explained, "We had been seizing opportunities when they arose. Now we decided to build a real metropolitan political organization. The most important issues which affect a neighborhood—property taxes, pollution, mortgage loans, etc.—are determined outside the neighborhood by major economic forces. A city-wide, militant organization was the only way people could begin to deal with these problems."

[THE NAME OF THE GAME]

The leaders of CAP like to view the organization as action-oriented, rather than ideological. Paul Booth describes it as "the most radical form of populism." Father Dubi calls it "people power." Peter Martinez sums it up by saying: "The name of the game is power. What we're about is trying to build a power base to force existing institutions to change."

Three tactical corollaries follow from this strategy: (1) Keep people involved by constantly taking new actions; (2) Don't be afraid to make deals or work with other groups; (3) The cost of running candidates for elections usually outweighs the benefits.

All of this flows from Alinsky's dictum that organizations have to act

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or suffocate. When CAP broadened itself into a multi-issue organization, it widened its range of possible action. In the past two years it has convened citizens' hearings on the city budget and a citizens' taxpayers assembly. Dubi and Booth have led CAP groups in actions at the statehouse in Springfield and at numerous meetings of the City Council. When Dubi had demanded public hearings on any issuance of city bonds at one city council meeting, Mayor Daley lost his temper and shouted, "I'm shocked at you. What kind of priest are you. . . . ?" He then walked out of the meeting.

During the meat boycott, CAP was not content simply to urge housewives not to purchase meats. The group picked a target—Donald Perkins, chairman of the board of Jewel Food Stores, a Chicago-wide supermarket chain. Perkins is also chairman of Nixon's Food Industry Advisory Council. CAP demanded that Perkins personally account for rising food prices by meeting them in a public hearing at checkout counter number three in one of his Chicago stores. It also asked for an income tax refund to cover money lost by soaring food prices.

On the appointed day, a band of CAP housewives entered the Jewel store and packed their shopping carts with $30-$50 worth of meat each and took it to the checkout counter. After the clerk had rung up the bill, they refused to pay until Donald Perkins appeared or until the manager called him on the phone in Washington. At the same time, outside the store CAP members peacefully picketed. One demonstrator waved a sign reading "Honk your horn for lower meat prices" at passing cars and trucks, and the street was soon filled with a cacophony of honking vehicles.

Through all this, the group has maintained a willingness to work with elected officials (when they side with CAP on an issue). Equally important has been its success in building friendly relations with the Chicago press. CAP is not unlike Nader and his raiders in this respect. Its small but effective research staff, headed by a young college graduate named Henry Scheff, will carefully research an issue such as property taxes, then arrange with an investigative reporter on the Chicago *Daily News* or the Chicago *Sun-Times* to break the story simultaneously.

Last year Scheff discovered that Cook County's five racetracks were grossly underassessed. The Chicago *Daily News* broke the story on its front page, giving CAP joint credit for the exposé in the first paragraph of the story. Because of the exposé, assessments on the tracks for the following year were increased an average of 21 percent.

Having found a goldmine in the assessing practices of County Assessor "Parky" Cullerton's office, a CAP study next revealed that middle class homes in two Chicago neighborhoods—Beverly and the South Shore—were drastically overassessed. CAP immediately demanded rebates for home owners in these areas.

The group uses its research as a political tool, and seeks to link, say, questionable assessing practices with other city programs in need of funds. For example, CAP contended that if the Illinois Center Plaza property—a business development downtown—were immediately assessed, the Chi-

". . . let a **sneak** be de President?"

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cago board of education would have enough money to keep its adult evening program open through the end of the year.

CAP calls itself a nonpartisan organization. To date, it has resisted the temptation to run candidates for office. There was some sentiment within the organization for having Paul Booth make the race for tax assessor. With his charisma and public speaking ability, Father Dubi seems to have real electoral potential. But Booth and Dubi, as well as other CAP leaders and staffers reject this path. Like Ralph Nader, they feel that they are more effective keeping pressure on already elected officials to get the policies they want: the paramount need, they believe, is to develop a politically active citizenry.

This position is based on practical considerations as well as principle. In Chicago, Richard Daley still rules the city council with an iron hand. Even so, CAP has found it can play an important role influencing election results. Last November, for example, it threw its support behind reform gubernatorial candidate Dan Walker, who successfully bucked the Daley machine. Once again, CAP organized around an issue—the proposed Crosstown Expressway. The eight lane, 22 mile long highway would have destroyed over 3,000 units of housing and displaced over 10,000 people in Chicago. CAP received a commitment from Walker that he would oppose the Crosstown, if he were elected. Incumbent Governor Richard Ogilvie refused to oppose the project.

CAP conducted a massive voter education drive against the Crosstown. It printed and distributed over half a million pieces of literature comparing Walker's stand on the Crosstown with Ogilvie's. It had members out on election day in every precinct in the city, distributing literature. Walker's heavy margin of victory in the Crosstown corridor helped him to win the election.

[NEW DIRECTIONS]

At the CAP convention last March, the organization's leaders for the past three years decided to step down. Pete Martinez, the Alinsky-trained staff director, returned to teach at the Industrial Areas Foundation Institute, and Paul Booth and Reverend Dubi were replaced by a single elected president. This move reflects the faith of CAP's founders that the organization is a viable, going concern and that particular individuals are no longer essential to its success. It is also in line with their belief that many average Americans have a potential for political leadership which goes untapped by conventional political parties, corporations, and trade unions. A case in point is Mary Lou Wolff, the newly elected president of CAP.

She is a 45-year-old Catholic housewife with nine children ranging in age from 6 to 21. She first got involved with CAP over the anti-Crosstown fight.

"I'm not too theoretical," Mary Lou Wolff said during an interview over coffee in her house. "Most people I know aren't. What impresses me about CAP is that it takes action—action which people can relate to and participate in.

"Here in our neighborhood we convinced a group of church women who'd never done anything political to join in the fight against the Crosstown. I think it was a liberating experience for them."

CAP is not the vanguard of the revolution: it does not pretend to be. CAP is a militant, democratic citizens' organization which has had substantial impact on the people and politics of Chicago. It is not the only group working in Chicago against the Daley machine, but it is the only grass-roots organization which is attempting on a day to day basis to counter the carefully organized Daley machine, with its patronage army of 34,000 precinct captains, its support from the Midwest's largest corporations, and its tacit alliances with most of the state's labor unions.

Paul Booth believes that "CAP is proof of the existence of real possibilities for building a mass based, militant political movement in the U.S." He argues that if an organization like CAP can be built in a city as tightly controlled as Chicago, the opportunities for similar organizations in other cities must be even better. If he is right, and if other such groups experience anything like the success of CAP, it could be possible—just possible—to transform the nature of American politics.■

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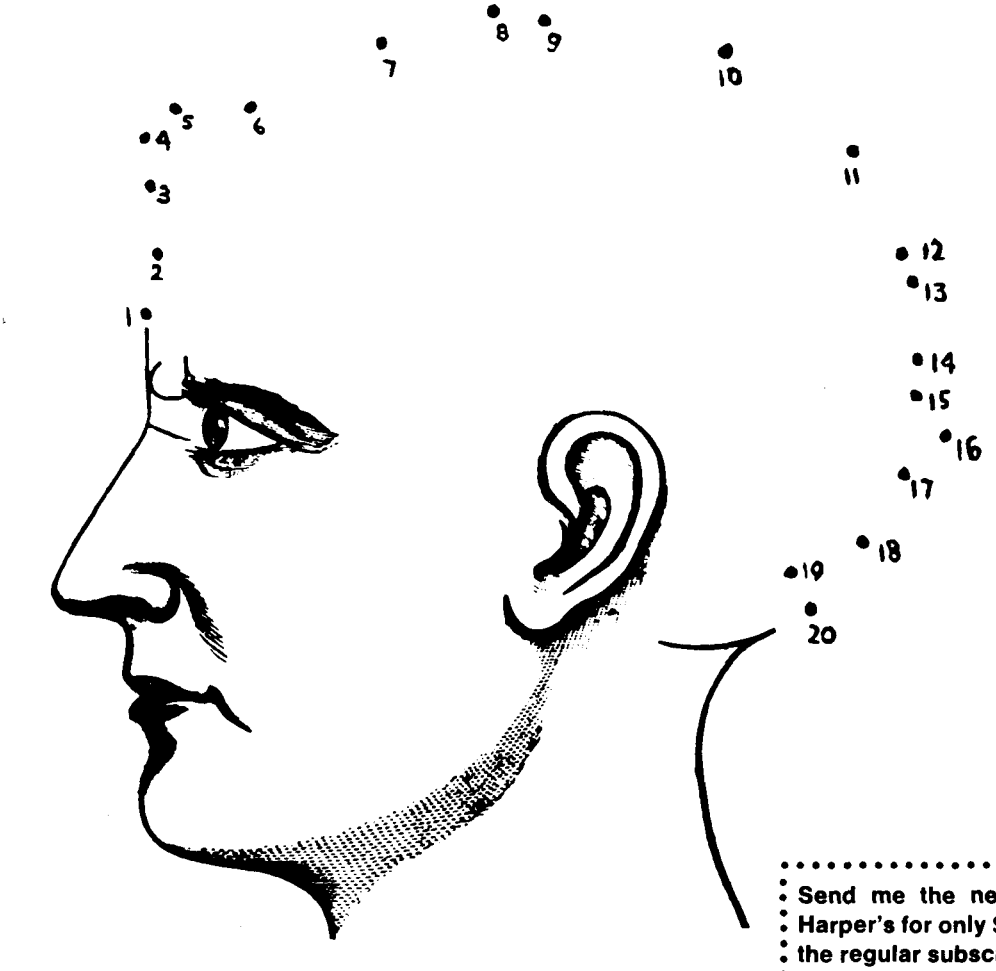

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Abroad

Che's Revenge: TROUBLE FOR BOLIVIA'S JUNTA

by James Kohl

In mid-May of this year, thugs employed by the Bolivian Ministry of the Interior beat to death Colonel Andrés Selich Chop in downtown La Paz. Selich, former commander of the U.S.-trained Ranger regiment, is best remembered as the "Hero of the Americas," an anti-communist zealot whose troops surrounded and defeated Che Guevara in 1968. There is, however, one part of the Guevara episode that Selich prefers to forget: the moment when Che, awaiting imminent execution, spat in his face. Subsequently, Selich parlayed his role in the capture and execution of Guevara into a successful military/political career. Instrumental in the rightist coup of August, 1971, Selich became Minister of Interior, where he refined Bolivia's instruments of political repression—notably torture—and became involved in numerous political plots.

Relieved from his cabinet position in December 1971, he became Bolivia's ambassador to Paraguay, until it was discovered that he was behind another unsuccessful coup attempt. He was stripped of his official positions and exiled. But he disappeared sometime in 1972 and was rumored to be heading back to Bolivia. Discovered early this year, he was taken to the Ministry of the Interior, where he experienced the torture techniques which he himself had helped to develop before his fall from grace. He did not survive them: the official announcement said he had been killed by falling down a flight of stairs.

Ironically, the murder of Selich (who was wearing a ring taken from the dead Guevara) and government bungling of a cover-up, has definitively exposed the extent to which the present Bolivian government will go in repressing opposition. Other, more important developments, have escaped exposure.

The August 1971 coup, led by Colonel Hugo Banzer Suarez and other military and civilian rightists, has brought to power an unstable coalition government. Internationally the coup is a success for both the Nixon Admin-

James Kohl spent 2 years in Bolivia, and is co-author of Urban Guerrilla Warfare in Latin America, *to be published by M.I.T. Press in February.*

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istration and its hemispheric ally Brazil. Both countries contributed materially to the coup and subsequent consolidation of the Banzer regime. Brazilian military materiél was funneled into the country via air and surface routes in the Santa Cruz region where the revolt initially began. American support was immediately forthcoming in the critical period of post-coup consolidation. Initially $22 million in special "Emergency Funds" were granted; total American aid to the regime is presently estimated at over $60 million. Bolivia received over $4 million in military aid alone, the largest sum granted a Latin American nation in 1972. In return the Banzer regime, despite official nationalistic rhetoric, has done its best to develop a "favorable" business climate--a euphemism for repression of critics and de-nationalization of the nation's sub-soil resources.

Meanwhile, the regime is caught in the midst of powerful cross-currents, not the least of which are the conflicting loyalties of its various adherents. Colonel Selich was a commander of the most Americanized military unit -- even its name (Ranger) is American. Other influential officers represent pro-Brazilian, pro-Peruvian, pro-Argentine and pro-Chilean factions. Military officers hold key cabinet positions in the government, but their loyalty is questionable. An air of continual plotting surrounds garrisons and ministries, punctuated by numerous cabinet shake-ups and transfers and exile of garrison officers. Additional fissures separate junior and senior officers, army and air force, and officers whose training abroad has inclined them to competing ideologies and models of development.

Civilians are equally divided. Political control is exercised by a tiny white elite in a nation two-thirds Indian. A little over two decades ago Indian peasants were subjected to institutionalized forced labor and bought and sold with the land on which they lived and worked for white masters. The following years brought formal reform, but in practice the situation remains unchanged: the Indian majority is ruled by a white, Spanish-speaking dominant class. However, where political power at the national level was previously exercised by representatives of the highland departments (which include the demographic, agricultural and cultural majority of the population), power is now held by representatives of the eastern, tropical lowlands.

These individuals, including President Banzer and Foreign Minister Mario Gutiérrez Gutiérrez, occupy a unique position in the Bolivian experience. At one time the lowlands were of secondary political and economic importance. But recent colonization programs, snowballing agricultural production and discovery of vast oil and mineral resources have accelerated capitalist penetration of the eastern lowlands. The Banzer coup has made the *camba* (easterner) a political reality.

Cambas in the present regime are characterized by racism, pro-Brazilianism and an authoritarian political philosophy expressed by a Falangist Party which evolved in the 1930's. Primary Falangist issues involve anti-communism, pro-Catholicism and a passionate commitment to reclamation of the seacoast lost to Chile in a 19th century war. Repression of a 1959 Falangist urban revolt in Santa Cruz by highland peasant militias served to focus and symbolize *camba* antipathy toward the Indian descendants of the historic Inca and Aymara peoples. Despite the fact that nearly all Bolivians share Indian blood, the Falangists cling to delusions of European racial purity and notions of cultural superiority.

It is interesting, in this regard, that a great many wealthy German agro-businessmen have settled in the Santa Cruz region, and in a recent interview one of them discussed financial and personal participation in the August 1971 coup. European attention to Bolivia's German community began with the discovery of the Nazi war criminal Klaus Altmann, alias Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyon." Altmann, known internationally for sending thousands of Jewish children to Nazi death camps in France, is known in Bolivia as an influential entrepreneur. Public attention has uncovered land deals involving Altmann and the wives of President Banzer and ex-President Alfredo Ovando Candia. The Bolivian government has refused Altmann's extradition to France.

In many subtle ways the average school perpetuates the lie that girls are innately sweet and domestic while boys are innately tough and adventurous. You may be concerned about this but may not know what to do about it. Here's a book that tells how one group of parents changed attitudes in their children's school. It wasn't easy, but their story may make it easier for you.

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The Falange, of limited middle and upper class constituency, nevertheless suffers dissension. Personalities and power, rather than ideological differences, continue to precipitate conflicts. Most recently Mario Gutiérrez Gutiérrez, party wheelhorse and foreign minister, suffered a serious reverse in Falangist in-fighting with Carlos Valverde. A past-Falangist guerrilla in the late 1950's, Valverde represents the extreme right of the party and his ascendancy suggests not only the drift of the Falange, but increasing fragmentation of the party.

Besides the military and Falange, the MNR (National Revolutionary Movement), the other third of the governing coalition, is seriously divided. Víctor Paz Estenssoro, an ex-president who represents the most conservative sector within the MNR, has come to lead a faction, not a party. His participation in the coalition has been denounced by nearly all the MNR's major political figures, some of whom were jailed in 1971-1972. Each month seems to bring further erosion of Paz Estenssoro's power within both his erstwhile party and the coalition which calls itself the FPN (Popular Nationalist Front).

The governing coalition under President Banzer is clearly a formal alliance of diverse civil and military factions. It is to be expected, therefore, that the coalition should lack a coherent ideology. Thus the regime focuses on nationalism as a substitute for a concrete political philosophy and administrative program. Hatreds between MNR and Falange stem from the 1950's and a populist period of MNR rule and limited reforms (e.g. agrarian reform, nationalization of mines, universal suffrage) which the Falange opposed. At that time Falangist opposition included armed resistance, and its repression by the MNR has left a legacy of bitter hostility between the two groups.

Cooperation within the governing alliance is a necessary convenience to the two parties, but continuing enmity can be expected. Additionally, the military's tolerance of the MNR, which overthrew a military government in 1952 and then, briefly, disbanded the armed forces, rests only on present needs for MNR civilian support. The increasing polarization of factions within the coalition presents a serious problem to the regime which may temporarily be averted, but cannot be solved, by repression and invocation of threats to national security.

Meanwhile, universities have been closed, faculties purged and hundreds of students executed since the first days of Banzer rule. Academics have joined leftist militants, outspoken clerics, trade union and peasant leaders, and personal enemies of government figures in prisons and makeshift jails throughout the country. Over 1000 political prisoners are presently detained and subjected to the government's violence. A few thousand of the more fortunate have managed to flee. Some have escaped dramatically, as in the prison escapes from Coati Island on Lake Titicaca and the jungle prison of Alto Madidi. Others have quietly slipped across the borders into neighboring Peru and Chile. No constitutional guarantees remain to protect the legal rights of the regime's opponents.

Given the extreme factionalism characteristic of Bolivia today, the question arises as to the basis of Banzer's power. Recent events strongly suggest the influence of powerful elements within the military aligned with representatives of the tropical eastern bourgeoisie and supported by the urban middle and upper classes. President Banzer and Falangists Mario Gutiérrez Gutiérrez and Carlos Valverde are well known defenders of eastern interests. Following a cabinet crisis generated by the death of Colonel Selich, important military figures with ties to eastern agro-businessmen have moved into the ministries. Colonel Alberto Natusch Busch, minister of agriculture, Colonel Juan Pereda Asbun, minister of industry and commerce, and Colonel Walter Castro Avandaño, the new minister of interior, are all strong institutionalists committed to defense of military hegemony over unpredictable civilian politicians. Air Force Chief of Staff Colonel Luis Garcia Pereda, is closely tied to lowland Beni ranching interests.

Bolivian political instability has traditionally been resolved through force of arms, and the military, despite its factions, has usually managed to express its will in national affairs. The one exception to this pattern was the MNR period of 1952-1964 which, ultimately, was terminated by a military coup. Thus far Banzer has managed to maintain significant military backing and has succeeded in defeating dangerous opponents such as the late Colonel Selich and recently exiled Generals Ayoroa and Zenteno Anaya.

The regime continues to direct its rhetoric toward alleged external threats to internal security. Chile and Cuba are generally presented as the sources of machinations against Bolivian security. Bolivia has lost territory to all her neighbors—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, Peru—through war and treaty. The issue of regaining the seacoast lost to Chile has been a Falangist concern for three decades and Foreign Minster Guitiérrez Gutiérrez has invoked threats of war to prompt serious discussion of a settlement.

Ironically for this pro-Brazilian regime, the real threat to national security will come from Brazil. Brazil, with its "economic miracle" based on repression of opposition, control of trade unions and catering to foreign multi-national interests, has serious designs on Bolivia. Prospective needs in terms of energy and steel resources have directed Brazilian attention to eastern Bolivia. Today some 30,000 Brazilian squatters have settled along both sides of the Bolivian-Brazilian border. This situation has historically precipitated crises resolved through war or the "pacific conquest" strategy initiated by the Brazilian Viscount of Rio Branco at the turn of the century. Bolivia has never emerged victorious from such confrontations and no reasonable prediction would forecast otherwise for the future.

Even if Bolivia can avoid indefinitely the threat of foreign military disaster, its fortunes do not now seem likely to prosper. Five years after the U.S. helped destroy Che Guevara and the embryo of rural guerrilla war, the regime in La Paz seems far from stability. Indeed, it appears set on a course which contradicts avowed nationalist goals, exacerbates social tensions and increases political fragmentation. The next call to popular insurrection may reach a more attentive audience. ■

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An Inside Look: Watergate and the World of the CIA

"Are these men really former CIA men or are they still subject to the orders of the CIA? The CIA would like to have it one way, and then to have it overlooked the other way."

Explosive as the Watergate revelations have been, no disclosure has been more ominous than the 1970 Domestic Intelligence Plan attributed to the pen of Tom Charles Huston. The plan, as revealed last June, provided for the use of electronic surveillance, mail coverage, undercover agents and other measures to an extent unprecedented in domestic intelligence-gathering. This program was to be directed by a committee of representatives from all of the national intelligence agencies. It goes far toward justifying the worst paranoia Americans have felt during the past quarter century over the growth of secrecy and deception in our government. Much of this anxiety relates to what might be called "the CIA Mentality," the stealthy abuse of power and the practice of deception of the American public—all performed under the cloak of secrecy and often in the name of anticommunism and national security. In fact, what makes the Watergate case different from other scandals is that the system and methods used, the means by which it was all planned, staffed with experts, financed clandestinely and carried out was all taken from the operating method of the CIA.

The Central Intelligence Agency was created, and its powers and responsibilities defined, by the National Security Act of 1947. Its character was developed over a span of 11 years by its greatest mentor and guiding spirit, Allen Welsh Dulles. The "Frankenstein" product of this implausible union of a well-intentioned law and of a scheming opportunist is the agency as we find it today.

Before 1953, when Dulles became the Director, Central Intelligence (DCI), the CIA was primarily concerned with performing its assigned task: as the central authority for all of the various intelligence organizations of the government, the CIA's business was to collect and interpret information gathered by other intelligence units. But that all soon changed.

In 1948, President Truman established a committee to review the CIA, to make recommendations for improvement and to evaluate its past performance. The members of this committee were Allen Dulles, Mathias Correa, and William Jackson, and their report was without question the most important single document on this subject ever pub-

L. Fletcher Prouty was the Air Force officer in charge of Air Force support of the CIA, a position he held from 1955 to 1963. His office put him in constant contact with the top officers of the intelligence establishment, and he has traveled to over 40 countries at CIA request. He is one of the few people with inside knowledge of the CIA who was not required to take a lifetime oath of silence. His book, The Secret Team, *is published by Prentice-Hall.*

by L. Fletcher Prouty

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"... what really rises up over the storm clouds is the evidence that this ongoing clandestine activity had the approval at least of Nixon, Laird and Helms."

lished in this country. In it, Dulles (the principal author) firmly proposed that the CIA must not only coordinate intelligence but that it must collect intelligence and that it must be authorized to carry out covert, clandestine operations. Needless to say, during his 11 years with the CIA, Allen Dulles saw to it that the Agency did in fact carry out these activities–federal law notwithstanding. Dulles' change of emphasis led to the overshadowing of the rest of the agency by the "dirty tricks" or "operations" division.

To understand the importance of this change, it is necessary to know a bit about the CIA's three divisions. Each has its own distinct character, interests, and powers. The whole operation–men, money, materials, aircraft, bases overseas, people and all kinds of weird and wonderful gadgetry–is supported by the Deputy Director, Support (DD/S). Without the DD/S, that most competent and experienced part of the CIA, none of the remainder could operate. Much could be written about the special expertise of the DD/S, especially in the area of money manipulation–a subject which takes on special significance in view of Watergate's "laundering" of money. This is one of those secret arts which the CIA didn't plan to reveal to anyone; but now it finds its alumni practicing the art for a variety of political purposes.

A second part of the Agency is headed by the Deputy Director, Intelligence–this is the true intelligence side of the house. The intelligence professionals are the people who do the statutory work of the Agency, who turn out its most important product–the intelligence reports. They are heeded too little by too few people. Although DD/I employees are usually perfectly open about their assignments, their work is quiet and not nearly as spectacular as that of their covert brethren. No DD/I has ever become the DCI, and none is ever likely to. The DD/I might have risen in status and importance had James Schlesinger remained head of the agency. Now, with Schlesinger's removal to the Defense Department, we shall never know. The Directorate of Intelligence suffers from the pangs of fluctuating fortunes and of low morale. It certainly is not the glamor center of the intelligence community.

Watergate folklore has it that the White House "plumbers" got their name because of their assignment to stop "leaks" from government agencies to the news media. As a matter of fact, the "dirty tricks" operatives in the intelligence community have long been called by a similar name–"Acme Plumbers." Maybe the green young men in the White House meant to use intelligence community jargon when they nicknamed their special investigations unit the "plumbers." If so, they got it wrong, but their mistake was prophetic: just plain "plumber," without the brand name, is CIA slang for an undercover man who botches the job.

The glamor in the CIA resides with the Deputy Director, Operations (DD/O–sometimes DD/P–Deputy Director, Plans)–the dirty tricks director. The men who have held this post have been blamed for some of the CIA's most spectacular gaffes: Frank Wisner was fired for the failure of an anti-Sukarno "rising" in Indonesia in the '50s; Richard Bissell was canned for the Bay of Pigs. But three men have risen from DD/O to the Directorship of Central Intelligence–Allen Dulles, Richard Helms, and now William E. (Bill) Colby.

The appointment of a man of Colby's background as DCI expresses the continuing power of "dirty tricks" within the CIA, and in the government as a whole. Bill Colby was the senior CIA man in South Vietnam and the leader of the vaunted pacification program, including the infamous Phoenix project. Pacification–with all its cruelties and insidiousness–had been used by the French in their actions in Indochina at least as far back as the early 1950s. Later they used it as a major plan of undercover action in Algeria. Ed Lansdale, Desmond Fitzgerald, Colby and others came across this French doctrine and took it over as a part of their own method of operation. Pacification, in this special sense, became a part of the U.S. Army Special Forces "Green Beret" training doctrine. The Phoenix Project was the assassination (to use Lyndon Johnson's term, the "Murder, Inc.") part of pacification.

It was Bill Colby who raised pacification to its highest and most deadly levels and taught the Vietnamese to implement the Phoenix program through which they attempted to terrorize and liquidate the political apparatus believed to direct and control the Communist effort in South Vietnam. Colby sought to make the ARVN into better para-military fighters–capable of suppressing threats and then "pacifying" the country by terrorism, assassination and any other means. How and where Colby plans to apply such deadly skills as DCI remains to be seen. But unquestionably, Colby's appointment fulfills Allen Dulles's highest hopes for a dynamic "operational" CIA, reaching way beyond the mere gathering and interpretation of intelligence data.

(Continued on page 47)

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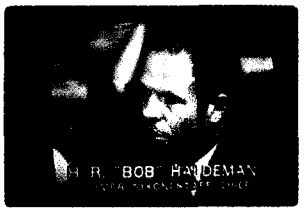

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Cleaning up the Act:
The Politics of Police Reform

The urge to reform the police in America followed directly the racial rebellions and radical insurgencies of the last decade. If form follows function in design, reform follows malfunction in politics: the impetus to redesign social institutions flows from their failure.

At the flashpoint of dysfunction—the burning of Watts, in August, 1965—the government made the first commitment of federal resources to police reform: an Office of Law Enforcement Assistance. Then came a succession of national and state programs, a Presidential Commission, foundation projects and academic studies.

All this activity was marked by the persistent belief that the police regulate the quotient of law and order in the world. The spectacle of Mayor Daley's police provoking riot in Chicago; of the Ohio National Guard blazing away at Kent State; of local police mired in corruption, indolence, and inefficiency; of the FBI barking up one wrong tree after another while Panthers, Weatherpeople, Mafiosi and draft dodgers slip away into freedom: it all suggested that the machine of social control had ceased to operate in its most crucial capacity. To be sure, the managerial response to the threat of insurrection, riot and criminality (the three are inextricably connected) was as varied as the perceptions of the managers. The only constant was the expansion of police power and the concentration on police reform, reorganization and redefinition as the principal means to put America together again. Long after anti-poverty, welfare, educational and integrationist programs have been cut, impounded or abandoned, the police industry continues to flourish.

Administration officials of both the Johnson and Nixon eras created and fed the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) with a budget of billions and a cast of thousands. The career reformers in the criminal justice set formed the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice (the Crime Commission). They studied "the problem" and then spread out to various public and private institutions formed to deal with it on the terms their study had set. One of those private institutions is the Police Foundation, a Ford Foundation spin-off with $30 million to play with for its chartered life-span of five years.

In the ecology of law and order, federal programs and private foundations are support-systems that feed more vigorous but unrooted activities. Those were undertaken by the Central Intelligence Agency, which created and expanded a Domestic Operations section; by the Treasury Department, which, under John J. Caulfield, politicized its

by Andrew Kopkind

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police function; by the FBI, which plunged into communications technology; by the Armed Services police agencies, which embarked upon a program of mass surveillance; and by local police forces, which descended into covert intelligence and spying operations—in cooperation with all of the above.

What makes it so difficult to sort out police reform politics is the overlapping which takes place among the personnel in various programs, projects, commissions and agencies. For example, Charles Rogovin had been assistant director of the Crime Commission. Next, he became the first chief administrator of LEAA. Then, he was appointed first president of the Police Foundation. Now he hangs out at the Kennedy Institute of Politics in Cambridge.

Or take the case of Robert Kiley, a flagrant overlapper in the intelligence and police field. After a stint as president of the National Student Association in the late '50s, Kiley (Notre Dame '58) slid into the CIA, where he was put in charge of student and youth operations, "Covert Action V." Kiley directed CIA work in the NSA as well as all the other youth groups named as "fronts" in the famous RAMPARTS exposé in 1967. He left the CIA in 1970 to become a director of the Police Foundation. Among his credits during his stay there was the "discovery" of Kansas City Police Chief Clarence Kelley as a tough-minded reformer worthy of Foundation support (and, by that means, national prominence). In his last days at the Foundation, a year ago, Kiley led a "talent search" under Boston Mayor Kevin White to select a new Boston police commissioner; after several stars turned the job down, Kiley settled on St. Louis County Chief Robert DiGrazia, a Police Foundation grantee. When DiGrazia came to Boston, Kiley took a job as Mayor White's special assistant—and liaison with the police force. Mark Furstenberg, one of Kiley's cohorts from the Police Foundation, came along to Boston to work for DiGrazia. And there they all are now, busily reforming Boston's execrable old police department.

What do these people want? There's not much agreement among reformers about the nature of reform—beyond the shared assumption that the police have been unable lately to maintain social order. One reform ideologue may look at another as part of the problem, rather than an agent of solution. No doubt Jack Caulfield thinks Charlie Rogovin is a pink punk, and Rogovin might call Caulfield a fascist snoop. But both ideologies are part of the police eco-system; both see policing as the critical function in the restoration of order after the time of the troubles.

Rogovin and the tender-minded reformers believe that some kind of nationalization of police policy-making must be made if the 30,000 local police jurisdictions are to function effectively. Four years ago, Rogovin warned a meeting of the International Association of Chiefs of Police: "If local law enforcement fails, then something else will replace it," and, he added, "local law enforcement has failed to do its job."

That replacement is, of course, the prize to which all the politics is directed. Federalism and local interests being what they are, no one believes that there will be a designated "National Police" to oversee and control cops and to set police policy around the country (as there is almost everywhere else in the world). But there are functional ways of determining how the police will work. Those who can study, plan, prioritize, preempt, spend, train, coordinate and infiltrate—they can effectively nationalize the police. For example, if a group of "experts" gets funded for a study project, which produces a report emphasizing heavy reliance on computer technology for local police, which sets up a federal program to assist computerization, which creates a training institute for police computer technicians, which promotes the development of a corporate infrastructure for police, computers and communications, which assigns consultants to local forces to speed up inter-city and inter-agency sharing of data, which preempts all other possible emphases and alternatives of reform.... At that point, no one needs an official "Fedcop."

Computerization and technologization is only one trend in police reform in the current time frame, as they say in Washington these days. There are others: the "humanization" of police, the bureaucratization of police, the depoliticization of police, the undergrounding of police: all of it is going on now. And here are some of the places where it's happening.

[CIA: THE ENEMY WITHIN]

John Ehrlichman, always precise in his descriptions if not in his recollections, called CIA involvement in domestic affairs "one of the grayer areas" in government security and constitutional legality. This much is known: in 1964, Tracy Barnes was appointed chief of the Agency's new Special Division for Internal Operations, or "Internal Ops." According to a former CIA official, the "local contact" offices the CIA maintains around the country were expanded in number and assigned more interesting work than their stated task of interviewing returning travelers from Communist countries.

Exactly what the local CIA offices *do* do is not to be found in any published job-description manuals. But there is no doubt that the offices have kept some hand or eye on radical political action. One of Bob Kiley's old front men in the National Student Association told me that he "assumed" there is a general relationship between CIA and Army counter-insurgency training and domestic police "stuff." Local police, he said, are beginning to see themselves in counter-insurgent roles against black and white radicals.

Someone must have been watching the movements, because when President Nixon asked for an evaluation of "student protest" in 1970, the CIA was able to turn out a massive report, detailing the indigenous nature of the American New Left.

"The covert types tried to find out how much Boumedienne was giving the Panthers, or Castro was giving the Weathermen," one of the CIA analysts who wrote that report told me. "They tried to trace money from country to country and to the various groups here, but they found that the movements were indigenous. From Nixon's point of view, it was a real bummer." Nixon's own analyst, the Young-American-for-Freedom Tom Charles Huston, relieved the President's anxiety with his celebrated "1970 surveillance plan" based on the assumed foreign threat to national security via the Movement.

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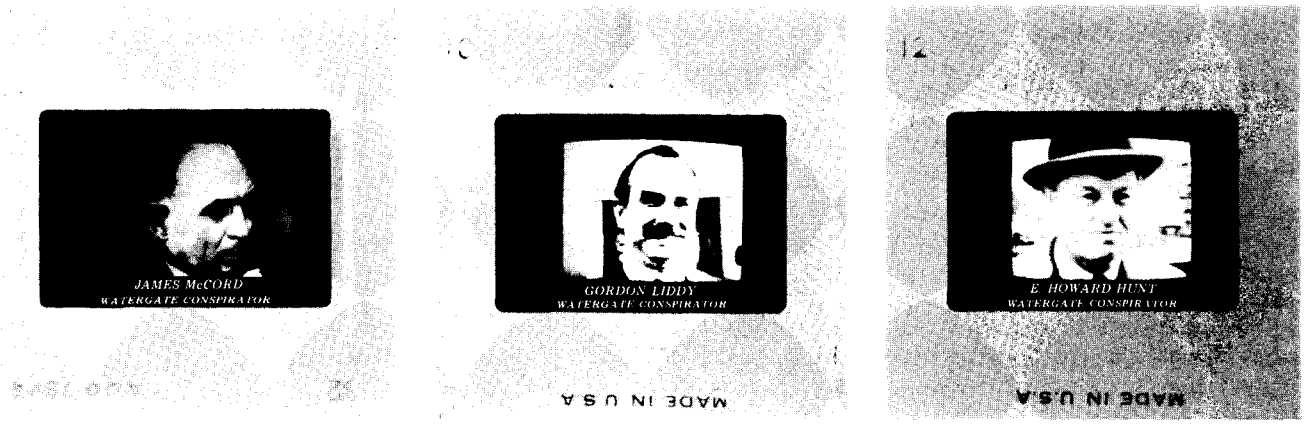

"How much help the CIA is giving the other law enforcement agencies is hinted at in the early Watergate returns."

At about that same time, the CIA began its program of training local city policemen in surveillance, bomb-making and other lively security arts. At least 12 local police agencies availed themselves of the opportunity to attend shorter or longer courses at "The Farm," also known as "Camp Peary," the CIA's secret layout near Williamsburg, Va.; at another such CIA camp in North Carolina; or in Arlington, Va.

Explanations of the process by which the CIA and the local police got together have led to the predictable run-arounds. The Agency is naturally concerned that it will be accused of violating its 1947 charter, which provides that it "shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement or internal-security functions." Then, too, there is the long CIA feud with the FBI, and exposure of the Agency's involvement with cops-on-the-beat was bound to infuriate the late J. Edgar Hoover.

In the instance of the training course for 14 New York City policemen (including the deputy commissioner) in political intelligence work, the CIA said the contact was initiated by the Police Department. In reply, Commissioner Patrick Murphy said it was the idea of Don R. Harris, a consultant to the Department. Next, it was learned that Harris was a former CIA clandestine agent, and the Agency's public relations director quickly retorted that the idea for the training came from *another* consultant to the New York Police, one Wayne Kerstetter, a Police Foundation grantee. The Ford Foundation began climbing its corporate wall. Ford President McGeorge Bundy wrote to Rep. Edward Koch of New York, who had exposed the CIA-police deal, protesting the Police and Ford Foundation's innocence in the matter. Koch agreed that no one was really responsible, and exonerated Bundy's friends. And there the matter stands: everyone is accused, no one is blamed.

To round out the story: Patrick Murphy has now left the NYPD to become head of the Police Foundation. The deputy commissioner who received the CIA training, William H. T. Smith, has also left New York—to become staff director of the Police Foundation, under Murphy. Don R. Harris is still a consultant to the New York Police, under a $166,000 grant from the LEAA. The grant was signed by Henry Ruth, a former LEAA Institute Director, who then became Mayor Lindsay's Criminal Justice Coordinator and is now one of Archibald Cox's Watergate prosecutors. Ruth's assistant at LEAA was Tom McBride, who later became staff director of the Police Foundation—the job that William T. Smith now has. McBride, who was a Pennsylvania and New York prosecutor and a Peace Corps director in Panama and the Dominican Republic, is also a Watergate investigator. Wayne Kerstetter has become Superintendent of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation.

How much help the CIA is giving other law enforcement agencies is hinted at in the early Watergate returns. White House and Committee-to-Reelect burglars apparently had no trouble getting assistance when they needed it, especially in ITT, Ellsberg and Democratic Committee operations involving CIA veterans such as Howard Hunt, Gordon Liddy and James McCord.

Other drop-out CIA officials, agents and connections seem to have gone straighter than the Waterburglars, but it is peculiar how many turn up in the police and urban affairs business. Kiley is Kevin White's man for police and various other urban areas in Boston. Harris is an intelligence consultant in Washington. E. Drexel Godfrey, another CIA type who left Langley about 1970, went to work first for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and now is director of the Pennsylvania Governor's Commission on Criminal Justice. In 1971, he and Don R. Harris wrote a handbook for LEAA called *Basic Elements of Intelligence: A Manual*

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of Theory, Structure and Procedures for Use by Law Enforcement Agencies Against Organized Crime. (Almost all of the material in its 150 pages is as applicable against political radicals as against the Syndicate; the rubric that intelligence operations are used only against the Mafia is a lot like that which insists that contraceptives should be used only for the prevention of disease.)

A spot-check of some of the "witting" National Student Association officers working with Kiley and the CIA in the early '60s also bears out the career pattern. Anthony Smith, Kiley's house-mate in Washington and an NSA/CIA staffman in Paris, got a job with Mayor Lindsay in New York. Manuel Aragon, NSA's Latin American representative from 1958 to 1961 and president of the "International Development Fund," has recently been appointed deputy mayor of Los Angeles, under Tom Bradley. As deputy mayor, Aragon will act as liaison with 28 city agencies, including the L.A. Police Department. Aragon denies ever having wittingly participated in CIA operations. Manuel's brother Bob, a Latin American representative of another CIA front called the Federation for Youth and Student Affairs, operated in Chile until exposé time; he is now reported (by a former CIA official) to be "working with Chicanos on the West Coast." Phil Sherburne, NSA president in 1965 who recruited his fellow-officers for CIA contacts, went to work for Mayor Wes Uhlman of Seattle.

"The whole police field in Washington is all mixed up with the intelligence community," a Boston City Hall aide told me, *à propos* Kiley's background. Apparently, several CIA staffers entered the field about 1970—about the time of the Huston plan, the time of the CIA-police training program, the time of greatest expansion of CIA Domestic Ops offices, the time the Police Foundation was established.

Don Harris, who says he left Langley earlier (1965) than Kiley, Godfrey, Hunt, Liddy or McCord, professed surprise "that so few people have left—not so many." Harris had been confident that "domestic operations is one place where the Agency has been clean," but he added ruefully, "obviously, they weren't quite clean enough."

Drexel Godfrey talks of his history in the "intelligence community" as rather a detriment. "If you ever want to try your luck at being blackballed, that's the way," he said of his CIA resumé. "I was walking the dog for six months before landing a job."

It's plain that something is going on with the CIA and the local cops, but the details may take some time to come clear. The CIA would not publicly violate its charter with the low-security training program on a mere whim of an ex-agent, or the suggestion of a Ford Foundation lawyer, or the idle request of a local police department. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark said recently that he could hardly believe that the CIA would risk open warfare with J. Edgar Hoover over such a small program—by itself. The FBI is fiercely jealous of its work with local police; more FBI agent-time is spent training local cops than in any other activity. The FBI training academy is the pride of the Bureau, and Hoover used it as a political instrument. Clark recalled that Hoover so disliked New York's Commissioner Pat Murphy that he refused to approve a single NYPD officer for the Academy, though New York cops comprise seven percent of the total police officers in the U.S.

To set the terms of police training is, in a long-term way, to set the terms of policing. Control of training is one of the ways to control policy. Especially in the "security" area, training according to certain formulations and ideologies connects trainees with trainers long after courses are finished. The FBI always knew it worked that way; it would have been natural for the CIA to try it out.

All kinds of benefits accrue to the CIA (and, presumably, to some local forces) from tighter association with the city departments. A former Agency official suggests that a favorite CIA *modus operandi* overseas might be applicable in American cities: agents organize vigilante groups and then direct their activities against political enemies. For instance, CIA agents could set up a black vigilante group with the assumed purpose of hitting heroin pushers. It would then be easy for an operative to identify a political target as a "pusher." Or agents might help a militant religious sect take care of heretics; and who can say that Malcolm X was not a heretic?

At the very least, the veterans of the intelligence community possess a mentality, maintain values and think thoughts that were manufactured in the spooky atmosphere of the CIA. It's likely that many of them have severed official ties to the Agency; it's unlikely that any of them can lose the Agency sensibility. None have ever de-spooked themselves, spoken publicly about their clandestine work, about their subversion of supposedly democratic organizations, their entrapment of innocents, or their complicity in the well-known bag of dirty tricks. Their presence in police reform and urban affairs cannot help but determine, to whatever degree, the infusion of the covert consciousness in the most important areas of domestic policy.

[POLICE FOUNDATION: BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE]

The arrival of police reform as a major priority for the directors and managers of national affairs was ceremonialized by the Ford Foundation's allocation of $30 million to the cause. In 1970—in that year of critical juncture—Ford gave the Police Foundation its five-year non-renewable lease on life as "the largest private agency in the country concerned exclusively with police work." Charles H. Rogovin, then 39, resigned from LEAA to take over at the Foundation. His associate director became Mark Furstenberg, a former vice president of the National Student Association, who had lately been public information director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Furstenberg later introduced Rogovin to Bob Kiley, his old friend from NSA days. Kiley came to the Police Foundation from the CIA as Associate Director when Rogovin left.

Rogovin and Furstenberg are direct in their estimations of the Foundation's origins. "There's certainly no secret about the alienation that's developed between citizens and their police," Rogovin once told a reporter. At the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago and all during the '60s, Furstenberg said, Americans "saw their police in a series of unfavorable, turmoil-filled situations—from Southern sheriffs on the civil rights marches to the Watts riots in

(Continued on page 50)

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Two Women

by Renee Lieberman

"You really have to do something about your life," she said, "you know you really have to, my *god,* you *know* you can't keep going on like this."

"Yes," I said. "Yes. I know."

It was a rainy day, and she was 38 and I was 39½.

"I mean you can't really go on like this, this is no life for you, you're too rich inside Shayna, you're too warm and gifted a person to have such a dead life, it's such a bloody shame."

I sat there, cross-legged on the floor. I was nodding, wearing my red corduroy pants and my filthy sneakers (this is a way for a Jewish girl to go out in the street??)

"Like my black friend Bob Corias used to say . . . 'you gotta get out there on the street looking too good to pass. You gotta get out there and *catch* a little,' " she said.

"Uh huh."

"My god, it's just such a waste Shayna, it wouldn't even be any trouble for you to do it, you're just naturally so alive, your mind and your soul are so honed, as they say, everyone would just dig you to pieces."

"Yeah," I said. "I know. I think I know what you mean."

"Promise me you'll do something," said Georgette.

"OK, I'll try," I said.

"I'm only buggin' you this way because I love you, dear sweet friend, dear sweet person you, it's only because you're so beautiful and so fine and so rich inside that I want to give everyone in the world a chance to love you too, and they would, if they only knew.

"I know," I said. "O how I know."

"You're just too fine to lock yourself up away from the world this way. I want you to get all the love and admiration you deserve."

The day was cold and rainy. It was September. We were sitting in her child's room. The child, a girl of 13, had gone away to England, to go to school there for a year, and Georgette, the mother, was sick over it, or sick with something, sick with not knowing what to do with the rest of her life. For the child's part, she was happy to go somewhere, she was going to be with friends. But for the mother, to be parted like that from her only child, it was dreadful. The mother lay in the child's bed in the child's room. Smoking a cigarette and drinking in the child's sleeping bag.

"You're my best friend," I said. "You're my best friend and I have nowhere else to go so I came here. I thought because you are my best friend and it is cold and raining out and I have no other place to go that I would come here and sit down here on your floor and watch you smoke cigarettes in your child's sleeping bag. Actually, I am worried about you. I was driving by and I thought . . . Shit, Georgette's depressed, maybe she's up there killing herself and I can stop it."

"Did you really think that, dear sweet person?"

"Yes," I said.

"God bless. . ." she said.

I was sitting on the floor and I had my legs crossed and I had my sneakers on and the red corduroy pants. The sneak-

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ers were from the summer before when I decided at the age of 38½ that I needed some exercise, and the red pants were from this summer when my mother died, right after my mother died, I went to the department store and I bought myself a pair of red corduroy pants. With the sneakers I had taken six cheap group tennis lessons from the Berkeley Department of Parks and Recreation and then quit, and there was nothing to join and then quit after my mother died, so I bought the red corduroy pants.

"I feel like I'm dyin'," she said. "Like Keats, I'm half in love with easeful death. If we could only just die," she said, "if we could only lay down and forget it all."

"Yeah," I said.

I thought of the small piece of thick green phlegm pasted on my mother's oxygen mask in the hospital, with my mother's face all puffy and struggling under the mask. The mask was tiny and lightweight, it looked just like a fancy pair of Italian sunglasses that you could buy in the Notions Department of Bloomingdales, except it came over your nose and your mouth instead of over your eyes, and it was a prison, it might just as well have been steel bars separating my mother from me and from the rest of the world.

I'm sitting on the floor in someone's bedroom. I said to myself, is this all there is?

"What should I do?" I said.

"You have to have a few good times," she said. "You have to go out and find yourself a few good times."

"OK," said Shayna, who was me, while all the pussycats and horses, all the fur-robed kings and bearded witches, all the fine books of poetry liberal people give to little girls, and all the photographs on the walls, all those fine photographs of fine people at picnics, children and grownups, smiling from beaches, stuffing sandwiches into their mouths couldn't agree with me more.

"I hear you," I said.

"I don't mean to be hard on you babe, I don't mean to be coming down hard on you like some old aunt with hairs coming out of her chin (she was so prejudiced, always something deprecating about women). . . I just want you to be happy that's all, don't you agree with me that you must do something about the mess you're in, or are you . . . satisfied to. . . ."

"I don't know," I said.

"Come on Shayna, *come on,* you're my best friend, can you really be satisfied with so little? If you weren't so rich inside, if you didn't have such a finely honed intellect, I mean, don't look at me, I'm just an old clumsy whore who drinks too much, you don't have to take anything seriously I say."

"Please, Georgette, please, you're not a whore."

"Well, we're all whores, darling. In one way or another. I haven't said anything so terrible, have I??"

You have to go out and get yourself a beau," she said at last, "at least that. I'm not saying that's the answer to everything, to art and poetry and the ultimate loneliness of your Jewish soul or anything, o come on, I don't just mean getting laid, I mean someone to love you, someone to appreciate you and hold your hand on a walk through the woods, someone to tell you how funny you are because you thought up a terribly funny word, or someone who'll gently wind your sideburns, or whatever you call them, behind your ears when your hair is falling in your eyes."

"Yeah," I said, "sideburns."

"I mean you just can't get that from women Shayna, you just can't get it from women."

"OK," I said.

"I mean a woman can't hold you the way a man can, a woman can't fuck you at night."

"Sure." (vu den?)

"I'm telling you the truth, Shayna, you can have all these fine conversations with women, you can be so attuned till it's comin' out of your fanny, darling, and then. . .

"Yeah, and then?"

"And then you need something else," said Georgette.

"Like a good stiff prick," I said.

"No, not a good stiff prick, the prick is the least of it silly, I mean just someone who appreciates your mind, who you can sleep with at night."

"O," I said.

"Shayna, listen to me, listen," she pleaded. "Don't take any example from me, everyday since my child's gone away, since my child left me, Jesus only knows, Jesus forgive me, I've boozed myself into oblivion, I've crept out of this fucking house like a snake creeping through the bayou at night, creeping around to the Albatross totally smashed, creeping back home with some decent black man with a gold tooth in the front of his mouth, no, I mean it, who can't even speak the English language, to say nothing of understand it, the poor fool. But I needed to have something from a man, some affection, another body on mine."

"O God," I sighed, thinking of her nights. "Is there anything to eat in this house?"

". . . and it's awful, it's devastating, I tell you no lie, waking up in the morning with that man with the gold tooth in his mouth. Why, there's nothing to say, dear friend, nothing. And I'm so ugly and fat and miserable and hung over and lined, it's all I can do to pretend I'm half-asleep and put my hair over my eyes like this so the poor fool won't get to see my face, it's awful Shayna."

She put her hair over her face like all the Japanese actresses in *Rashomon.*

"So the poor sap can't see how old I am, how bad I look."

Her hair hung over her face and you couldn't see her eyes at all, and she said in a cracked, sexy, morning voice . . .

"Can I get you some coffee Rudolph? I think there's a little cold cereal in the closet, would you like some of that? I don't know what you usually eat for breakfast. . .

"Shayna, I don't know what to say to get rid of them in the morning.

"I think there's a little dried cereal in the house, would you like me to get you some of that?"

I sat there laughing at her performance. She had performed this performance for me many times and she knew it was good and she knew I liked it and she knew, she knew everything.

"Can I get you some coffee?" she said, barely audible,

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with her hair over her eyes hiding her face. "Can I get you some coffee, do you take anything with your coffee, or do you take yours black? I think there's a little cold cereal in the closet.

"Believe me, I don't bring home any prizes anymore," she said, "but the booze just gets me out there, believe me, dear friend, I have to be absolutely smashed before I can fuck anyone."

I gasped again in silence.

"Darling, I love you," she said. "You're my dearest, dearest friend, there are three women I love in this world, my mother, who is a fine old lady of 81 who lives on the edge of St. Paul, who works tirelessly for her ideals, League of Women Voters and such, my child, who is a true innocent living abroad in England, probably wearing a middy blouse playing rugby in a field somewhere right now, and you, dear Shayna, you right here with me in this house right now. You do agree with me, you do agree," she was saying, "that you must do something about your life NOW, or you must be satisfied after all with all this silence and death, death and silence, well, then, who am I. . . ."

She took a drink from her glass.

"Who am I but a miserable, garrulous, 38-year-old whore who is overweight to the bargain . . ."

"You're not a whore," I said.

"All right, I won't say it if you don't want me to, but I know who I am. I called up some guy before you came and made an appointment for Friday, Stanley Wiseman, Dr. Stanley Wiseman, the Bio-Energetics man, he's gonna see me Friday, I'm really scared now, Shayna, I'm really scared."

"That sounds OK," I said. (it shouldn't hoit)

"I'm really scared now, Shayna, I'm really scared."

She started to cry.

"I'm glad you called," I said.

"I had to," she said. "I didn't know what else to do. O, you don't know, you just don't know," she said. "I wake up every night and start trembling so. Snakes and scary things from Ray Milland's *Lost Weekend* start crawling out of the walls, and there's nothing I can do, I mean nothing, to get myself back to sleep again."

"It's a good idea," I said. "I'm glad you called."

"You know," she puffed her cigarette and drank her booze, "these little bio-energetics men, they're like a little group of elves who've come to repair us in the middle of the night, marching, marching, with satchels full of hammers and other little tools . . . they don't *talk* to you anymore."

Her snot was running into her orange juice and vodka. (gey, nemzich a handkerchief!)

"You just go there and say a few words to them, and then you do some exercise and go home."

"That's fine," I said, feeling very Jewish, "that can't hurt."

"You'd know his name would have to be WISE MAN," she said. She blew her nose.

Georgette coughed and took another drink of her drink.

"Instead of doing my number for these sad and lonely black men, I'll do it for Dr. Wise Ass, I mean Dr. Wise Man. Only him I'll have to pay to catch my act."

"You pay the others too," I said.

She started to cry again.

"We all pay for our performance."

Please Georgette please, I wanted to say, I love you, I want to run and kiss you in an avant garde ballet, I want to make two ponytails in your hair at night and put a blue ribbon in each one, I want to walk with you through rainforests in a commercial, commercial rainforests Georgette, commercial rainforests, I want to bring you warm Ovaltine in a Yahrzeit glass and brush your hair 1000 strokes while you read Dick Tracy and "The Mystery of the Secret Clock," I want to bathe you in *Tenderly* and pour *Nice 'N Easy* Creme Rinse on your hair, please Georgette, please, let me bring you some homemade matzoball soup while you lounge in your little girl's sleeping bag; but I just sat there like a nice Jewish girl of 39½, and a decent friend.

She was starting to go into her incredible performance again, she had the whole black tone and voice down so fine.

"You know what they tell me after I commit carnal relations with them, which means after I fuck them and go down on them and get absolutely nothing in return?" (gottenyu, a coorva)

"Georgette!" I cried.

"It's all right, I don't care, I can get by without coming. God, you'd think they'd know how to take care of business, for all their jiving."

"Georgette, Georgette . . . I love you!"

"They say to me . . . 'Georgette! Mama! Where you been, you so real Georgette, you *real* people! *Georgette,* you some *realpeople,* how come I never met you before??"

She cried and laughed and farted into the child's sleeping bag.

"Maybe you can go to an encounter group too," she said. "Maybe you can go to the one I'm going to, you can come to Dr. WiseAss with me, and we can do Bio-energetics together."

"No," I said, "it's better if you go alone."

"How did you know?" she said, "I've been dying to get into a group where nobody has ever seen me before."

"I know," I said, omniscient, "would you like me to close the windows? It's really cold in here." The windows were wide open and the rain was coming in.

"Yes, please," she said, blowing her nose, "would you? I just have to stop popping these pills and drinking. Do you know how many pills I've taken this week?"

"No," I said.

"I'm killing myself, I'm just killing myself."

"Promise me, Georgette, promise me you won't take the pills anymore."

"I have no energy! I have no energy!" she cried. "I take them because I can't do a thing when I wake up in the morning. I can't touch the place, look at it, I haven't been able to lift a dish in three weeks, I lost $31 calling in sick today."

"But they don't do you any good, Georgette, promise me that at least you won't drink and pop the pills together, that's all I ask. Drink if you have to, or take the pills, just don't do both."

"I've thrown down about 100 of them just this week."

(Continued on page 59)

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Nixon's "Lucky City":

C. Arnholt Smith and the San Diego Connection

"Arnie was one of our first supporters."—Pat Nixon

SAN DIEGO TRIBUNE

Smith congratulating Nixon at the 1960 GOP convention

On August 3, the IRS filed a $22.8 million dollar income tax lien on Smith's 1969 income—reportedly the largest claim ever levied for a single tax year.

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At first the focus falls soft on the eye, just as Cabrillo might have spotted it when he first sailed into the sparkling bay: a thick chlorophyll haze between the wilds of Baja, the burnished desert and an enamel rim of blue Pacific waters—a place of year-round sunshine and balmy ocean breezes, of hills and distant mountains clad in purple. Today the promise Cabrillo saw is still there, a siren whisper over sunny, suburban neighborhoods with low-slung dwellings, walled-in patios and campers in the driveways. The poor have been pushed out of sight and locals are pleased to tell outsiders that theirs is considered America's "most livable city"; that their skies are clear, the water pure, the crime rate low. San Diego's tourist brochures sigh dreamily of "Camelot-by-the-Sea."

But back of the deck the picture stacks up sharper—a stucco wilderness, a bristle of warships and the same nervous semaphores that flash elsewhere through the System. A huge military establishment has brought the jobs and the money, a *nouveau riche* elite, firebombs, radicals, Chicanos, black mutinies on the carriers in port. Besides tourism, San Diego is booming with aircraft, missile and electronics industries; with clusters of small scientific companies and research institutes. It has grown into the second largest city in California, headquarters of the Eleventh Naval District, home port for some hundred ships of the Pacific Fleet.

At the height of the Vietnam War, San Diego came into its own as a virtual extension of the combat zone, leaving a rich compost with the brisk, crisp smell of new money. Today the city is rife with boosters and Babbitts, flag-waving and a dizzy, sunstruck optimism. Richard Nixon had his heart set on having the 1972 GOP convention here. He had looked over the list of possible sites and shaken his head. Attorney General John Mitchell was summoned.

"Let's get San Diego into the picture," Nixon ordered.

Richard Nixon's fondness for San Diego reaches back to the early beginnings of his political career. Ever since his first campaign for the Senate in 1950 it has voted for him overwhelmingly each time he ran for office. Its local establishment boasts some of his oldest friends and backers who have personally raised and donated the millions which helped him climb to his succession of political offices. In 1966 San Diego sprouted the country's first Nixon-for-President committee, two years before he declared himself a candidate. And after the 1968 election he made his first stop in the city, staying at the home of Ogden Armour, a major stockholder in San Diego's Yellow Cab Company.

As Nixon relaxed at the Armour residence, a frequent visitor was a 70-year-old, tanned and silvery-haired local tycoon who had risen from high school dropout, box boy and bank clerk to become Southern California's living legend of success. Like Nixon, he was a "self-made" man and they had known each other a long time. The visitor was the perennial chairman of the San Diego County Republican Finance Committee; he was also a member of the exclusive Lincoln Club of Orange County, a millionaire rightwing Republican coven, whose other members included Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal lawyer, GOP arm-twister and fundraiser. In 1968 Nixon's visitor was reported to have brought in more than $1 million for the candidate's election campaign; four years later he set about

Lowell Bergman and Maxwell Robach are free-lance writers on the West Coast.

by Lowell Bergman
and Maxwell Robach

Letter from the Chairman

**We have just completed the most successful year in our bank's his
levels above our 1972 projections and are optimistic that our satisf
continue in 1973. I am particularly satisfied that in many respects,
levels generally experienced within the banking industry.**

Here are some of the highlights of 1972:

- **Our resources reached the billion-dollar mark.**
- **We rose from 110th to 87th among banks in the United States**
- **Our resources, deposits, and loans grew to first place among**
- **We expanded our network of banking offices to 65 with the ad
including an international office in Nassau, Bahama Islands.**
- **We resumed cash dividend payments in addition to the stock
the past twelve years.**
- **We increased our resources 42 percent, deposits 41 percent, a**
- **Our capital accounts grew nearly 50%, primarily through the
common stock and secondarily through private placement of
surplus and undistributed profits.**
- **We strengthened our management through the appointments
President and Richard P. Woltman as Chairman of the Execut
Vice Chairman of the Board.**

**Although fourth-quarter earnings were subject to unusual nonrecu
costs and investment adjustments, we anticipate further satisfactor
1973 in our drive toward the billion-dollar mark in deposits.**

**Our accomplishments in 1972 were the result of the combined effo
and employees who form a well-coordinated team. I give them my
very well done.**

C. Arnholt Smith
Chairman of the Board

1972 United States National Bank annual report to stockholders.

"The SEC indictment of Smith
USNB for misappropriating funds
statements to the investing public,
exploiting Westgate and USNB fo
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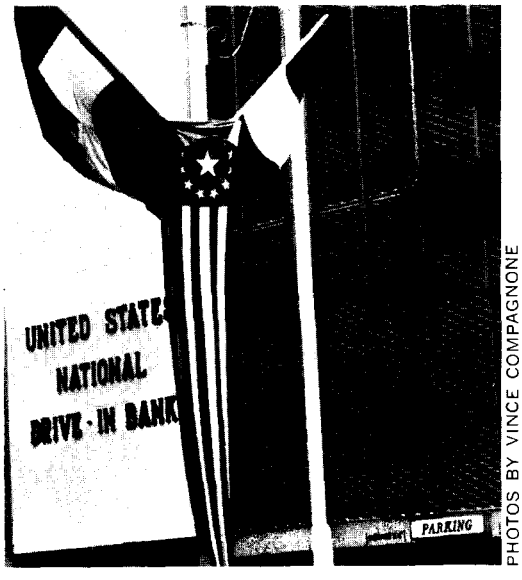

PHOTOS BY VINCE COMPAGNONE

to raise more than $3 million for the Nixon campaign chest. At the 1968 Republican convention in Miami his hands were the first of some 5,000 Nixon would shake during the reception for party delegates; a few months later he was at Nixon's Waldorf Astoria Towers suite in New York, watching the election results; and not long after Nixon went to the White House, rumors surfaced briefly in San Diego that he would be the next Secretary of the Navy. He had the face of a sunbitten terrier. His smile cracked like a persimmon, slightly awry. "Arnie Smith," Pat Nixon once confided gratefully, "was one of our first supporters."

[THE BEIGE KINGDOM]

The favorite color of C. (Conrad) Arnholt Smith is beige. His suits are beige, he drives a beige car, even his wife's hair is beige. Beige is also the color of his major holding, the U.S. National Bank, with more than $1 billion in assets and some 65 branches. Beige suits Smith: it is a soothing tone and for years it provided a neutral coat to the spongier underside of his empire as it spread to soak up much of San Diego's police department and mayor's office; the City Council, Planning Commission, and County Supervisors; judges, DA's, U.S. Attorneys, congressmen and a corner of Richard Nixon's presidential seal. Simultaneously, Smith filled out Westgate-California, his other major holding, with electronics, insurance and fund management companies; with a commuter airline, advertising agency, Yellow Cabs and the San Diego Padres; with real estate, agribusiness, the world's third largest packer of canned tuna and the "plushest hotel anywhere." Westgate-California comprises a $215 million conglomerate; aimless and shapeless like much of Southern California, its interests run restless and eclectic from fishing and truck fleets to olives and dog racing.

C. Arnholt Smith's personal worth could go as high as $50 million. He began his career in a grocery store, moved up to clerk at the Bank of Italy (now Bank of America), and in the early Thirties made it to vice president at the U.S. National Bank, a small hometown institution run by a conservative banker, James R. Russell. Within a few short years Russell had been shouldered out—with an assist from C. Arnholt's brother, "Black Jack" Smith, who had gotten into banking and oil in Los Angeles. "Smith promised to see that my property rights were fully protected," Russell protested ruefully in a deposition years later while suing to get his bank back; but he died of a stroke before the case got to court, and as Arnie Smith developed his political contacts he parlayed a holding in National Iron Works (now National Steel and Shipbuilding), into a gold mine of government contracts during the Second World War. National Steel and Shipbuilding has been sold since, as Smith's enterprises sank into deeper furrows, producing quicker, hardier yields.

C. Arnholt Smith has done well by San Diego. And San Diego likes to think it has done well by C. Arnholt Smith. He contributed much of the money that helped rebuild the downtown area in the early Sixties, for which the city reciprocated with a ringing accolade, naming him "Mr. San Diego of the Century." In this, as in any other honors involving Smith or his lieutenants, the fanfare was sounded by San Diego's war hawk and press baron, James Copley, an

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old friend of Nixon's and owner of the city's only two dailies, the *San Diego Union* and *Evening Tribune.* Copley's fears of revolutionaries, especially black ones, fits the San Diego mood. Three years ago his presses steamed at San Diego's Black Panther Party and "Marxist" professor Herbert Marcuse; they cooled down only after three Panthers were murdered and Marcuse was "retired."

Smith himself has not been above dashing off an editorial for Copley, and until recently neither of San Diego's dailies would print a word to criticize him or his associates. When in the beginning of 1970 a local underground paper ran a series of exposés on Smith and his means to power, it quickly became the target of firebombs, vigilante terrorism, police infiltration, arrests and harassment. "I wish there was a way to bomb them clear to the other side of the Coronadoes," Smith fumed to stockholders about the radical "street people" running the exposés.

But in recent months even Copley's papers had to print the facts. Watergate was bursting. Smith's personal donation of $50,000 in checks to the Nixon campaign was returned in March 1972, as three different government investigations (prompted by an article in *Life* magazine) began turning over the rocks on his well-appointed grounds. With government investigators moving in from all sides, Smith resigned as president of Westgate-California, though remaining chairman of the Board of Directors. Likewise he stepped down as head of U.S. National Bank. On May 31 of this year an SEC suit charged Smith with misappropriation of funds from both Westgate and the bank. On August 3 the IRS filed a $22.8 million dollar income tax lien on Smith's 1969 income—reportedly the largest claim ever levied against an individual for a single tax year. Meanwhile the FBI was peering into his conduits of campaign funds and political payoffs. His onetime protegé and business partner of more than 40 years had just gotten out of jail. Two other of his associates were named along with him in the SEC suit. Still others were being indicted or sued in different courts. And as the plumb line sank deeper into Smith's affairs it touched upon the hidden layers of his power base—an accretion of "front men" and shady business deals, interrelated with union bosses, gangsters, politics and the Nixon connection.

[THE SELF-DEALING TYCOON]

As his empire grew, Smith's favorite story about himself was meant to show that he was not in it for the money: there were years, he claimed, when as chairman and president of his two corporations he would refrain even from taking a salary. But broaching the wrap of his business operations in the spring of 1969, the *Wall Street Journal* discovered that Smith had other ways of rewarding himself and friends—primarily as a "self-dealing tycoon" who used "publicly-owned firms to aid private ventures." The yield from this arrangement more than made up for his paycheck; the chairman took his pickings from inside—at the expense of the shareholders.

For close to a decade the key to Smith's wealth and that of his allies has been the intimate relationship between the U.S. National Bank, Westgate-California and the various front corporations controlled by Smith and associates. For instance, Smith would lend Westgate assets to his privately owned front corporations free of interest. These front companies would then use these assets as collateral for loans they would receive from the U.S. National Bank. Meanwhile, other Smith front operations were buying Westgate assets at fantastically low prices, and selling other properties to Westgate for handsome profits. In order to hide these operations from Westgate stockholders, Smith manufactured over 17 million dollars in false Westgate profits through dummy sales of Westgate properties at inflated prices, which were financed by the U.S. National Bank. While this "self-dealing" enabled Smith and his front men to reap a bonanza of "large and sometimes quick profits," the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that "the earnings performance of Mr. Smith's publicly owned firms has been less than spectacular."

The SEC indictment of Smith in June cited USNB for misappropriating funds, making false statements to the investing public, and generally exploiting Westgate and USNB for the benefit of the chairman and his friends. Since 1970 stockholders have been fighting back with a growing number of suits, while the SEC has asked for the appointment of a receiver for Westgate-California, as well as a preliminary injunction prohibiting Smith from holding office in any public company.

Disentangling Smith's affairs has not been easy. One SEC investigator, still tracking down transactions involving Nixon campaign funds from the 1968 election, found many files inexplicably "missing" from the bank's records. But this did not surprise employees; by their accounts, Smith and top executives were in the habit of using USNB as a personal piggy bank, reaching into the cash drawers and leaving personal IOU's for the funds taken. And even now, when indictments are beginning to flutter down, the outcome of the investigations is far from certain. Smith has escaped the legal reaper before. A year ago the IRS turned over the results of its audit on Smith to the IRS Intelligence Division for possible "criminal indictment." But the success of prosecuting this complaint depends on whether or not Elliott Richardson, the new Attorney General, will dismiss San Diego's U.S. Attorney Harry Steward in the fall, as has been rumored. Steward was appointed by Nixon four years ago at the recommendation of Smith, and the IRS might remember what happened to the three agents it sent to San Diego in the late '50s: two of them ended up working for Smith, with one of the agents specifically assigned to staying on top of further IRS investigations.

[THE RISE OF BIG JOHN]

Smith's resignation as president of Westgate-California followed by two years the departure of another member of the board—that of "Big John" Alessio, reputed boss of San Diego's underworld and owner of horse and dog tracks on both sides of the border. Alessio resigned his Westgate seat to begin serving a 3-year sentence first at Terminal Island Federal Penitentiary, then at Lompoc, California, and finally at McNeil Island in Washington State. His failure to report $1.2 million to the IRS was one of the bigger tax evasion cases on record. But Alessio had a few consolations; the honors and awards that decorate his office overwhelm the visitor. Alessio was "Mr. San Diego of 1964," as well as "Mr. Coronado." He has

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been "Man of the Year in Racing," a recipient of the "Book of Golden Deeds" from the local Exchange Club, and of an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from the University of California.

The son of an Italian immigrant coal miner from Virginia, Alessio grew up in San Diego. His rise to fortune began in 1929 when C. Arnholt Smith, then a sharp-eyed exec with the Bank of Italy, took young Alessio away from his downtown shoeshine stand and got him a job *al otro lado,* as a messenger with the Banco del Pacifico in Tijuana. Thirty-five years later, their relationship came full circle: in 1965, John D. Alessio, stocky now with thick earnest glasses and silk tailored suit, opened a block long 12-story office building in San Diego's business district—not far from the very spot where he used to shine the shoes of C. Arnholt Smith.

In the intervening years he had risen quickly at the Banco Del Pacifico; his interests were fluid, the bank gave him a cushion, his Mexican contacts clicked—he picked up Hollywood's fabled pleasure dome of the Thirties, Tijuana's Hippodromo with its Aqua Caliente race track. It marked the beginning of a fabulously lucrative bookmaking operation, mainly to serve U.S. bettors. Run by his three brothers, joined later by his son-in-law, Caliente in its heydey was reported to be doing a business of $75 million a year.

From Tijuana, Alessio's money spilled north in a complex of San Diego holdings, including banking, real estate and hotel interests. For a long time the take was simply trucked past deferential guards across the line into the U.S.; hot lunches would often descend on the border officials, compliments of the Alessio brothers. But as the Alessio Corporation grew, the brothers managed to funnel the Mexican money through the 15 corporations owned by Alessio in Mexico; an Alessio Trucking firm in San Diego, for instance, would sell equipment to an Alessio company in Mexico—at inflated prices. Once in San Diego the "skim" from Caliente often appeared transfigured in properties of prestige: in the early sixties Alessio bought and renovated the venerable Hotel del Coronado, a massive Victorian pile on an island in San Diego harbor that was to serve as the set for "Some Like It Hot"; he also picked up the swank Kona Kai Club and opened another race track in Juarez, Mexico, soon to become known as a "major lay-off book for the United States." In 1964 the Alessio Corporation merged with Smith's Westgate-California, increasing the number of musical chairs.

San Diego's hospitality to the operations of its two favorite sons remained tolerant to a fault—largely because the names of C. Arnholt Smith and John Alessio carried the aura of a special enshrinement; their images were fused into that of one formidable patron, unique in the manner of its benefactions. Smith's impulse in charity would be unpredictable, a sudden spasm of generosity: "Go buy some presents for the kids in Southeast," he once ordered, stuffing a bank officer's hands with $2,000 and hurrying him on to San Diego's black ghetto; one black employee of the bank, a guard with an alcohol problem, was dried out at a local sanatorium at Smith's expense, including chauffered delivery and pickup. Alessio, on the other hand, enjoyed the drama behind benevolence; he liked to build schools in Mexico, especially the ribbon-snipping part at completion, before a shaded grandstand, fluttering flags, brass bands, Mexican generals and dignitaries, an American congressman or two, the governor of California, speeches, his face in the papers—until the Mexican government objected that he was naming the schools after himself.

In San Diego such grumbling went unnoticed. "Alessio is a driving ambitious tycoon of the first magnitude and a sort of father-saint to Mexican children," wrote Copley's *Evening Tribune* seven years ago—at a time when government investigators were clasping the links on John Alessio's connections with gambling and police corruption in San Diego.

[CONVICTION AND JAIL]

The case against Alessio had been moving in fits and starts since 1966 when federal agents began looking into his ties to organized crime; they knew that U.S. gangsters were using his operations as a "lay-off book"– a method of covering bets by transferring funds to another bookie so that heavy betting on a local favorite can be balanced by wagering on the opponent. The probe took five years that ran like an obstacle course over Justice Department, White House and local judiciary interventions. It was a frantic effort, *Life* magazine wrote in March last year, "to keep San Diego's law-abiding veneer from being washed away."

During this period, a local radical newspaper, and later the L.A. *Times*, reported that C. Arnholt Smith took a trip. In the early spring of 1970 he traveled to Washington and talked to Nixon directly. He was hoping that the Grand Jury report could be held off until the statute of limitations on Alessio's tax problem had run out. Smith had an under-the-counter stake at Caliente, but this was not his main concern: the investigations had spilled over into the County office, threatening a raw dissection of the San Diego government, the City Council, the Mayor, the police department; State Attorney General Lynch had been prodded into action; and the Federal Crime Strike Force investigating Alessio was zeroing in on Smith for illegal contributions to Nixon's 1968 campaign.

Not long after Smith's return from Washington, the IRS special agent in San Diego, David Stutz, heard from Nixon's domestic affairs chief: John Ehrlichman wanted Stutz to come to Washington for a talk. *Life* magazine said that the man who passed on this message was Jack Caulfield, special assistant to Nixon's counsel John Dean and later the White House contact man with James McCord. 'We can't let this ever get out," Caulfield warned Stutz about the White House request that he circumvent the IRS commissioner and deliver the tax records on Alessio, a breach of federal regulations. Stutz refused—Alessio went to Terminal Island Federal Prison and from there to more congenial Lompoc.

Alessio's time in prison was almost as busy and eventful as his life on the other side of the wall. From the moment the gates shut behind him at Terminal Island his cell became an executive office from which directives and advice went out to his brothers and sons in the operation of the family business. There was also time for diversion. At Lompoc he went hunting with the guards and kept assignations in a motel with a movie starlet. On Thanksgiving he

(Continued on page 52)

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THE STRANGE TALE OF THE SECRET ARMY ORGANIZATION (USA)

San Diego is a strange town, where the niceties of Western civilization cannot hide the power of the buck and the hint of brute force. It is the city built with the largesse of twenty-five years of imperial sway: a stronghold, a haven of anticommunism, a base for racketeers. Richard Nixon considered it his lucky city. He wanted the Republican Convention to be held there, and though the city fathers and the people of San Diego were not terribly enthusiastic, the plans went forward until May 1972, when the President abruptly changed his mind.

Included in these plans, it turns out, was a tumultuous, massive, bloody riot—on such a scale as to justify the most extraordinary preventive measures, including burglary, bugging, sabotage, and perhaps even kidnapping. Watergate, we learn from the likes of John W. Dean, was simply part of a strategy to maintain domestic tranquility in the face of a serious left-wing threat.

Presumably, this Red Menace existed in San Diego as well as Miami. But San Diego has never been a radical stronghold, and while local activists did undertake extensive preparations for anti-war demonstrations during the GOP convention, the Committee to Re-elect the President seems to have had a far higher opinion of their organizing successes than they themselves dared to entertain.

Unless, of course, CREEP and its local San Diego allies were hell-bent on making certain that bedlam did in fact occur. That is precisely what a defecting *agent provocateur* named Lewis Tackwood suggested almost two years ago. Tackwood told an incredible story back in October and November 1971, one which suggested the Republicans were doing their utmost to turn San Diego into a bloodbath during the convention, with the aim of annihilating the left, smearing the Democrats, and coasting comfortably into four more years of conservative rule. His allegations were regarded as the ravings of a madman until testimony in the Senate caucus room appeared to corroborate some of his wildest stories. He told of preparations to seal off and then bomb 100,000 demonstrators attending a rock concert on Fiesta Island in Mission Bay, San Diego. All sorts of mayhem was supposed to occur. Bombs were to be smuggled into Convention Center in hollow furniture, which was already being built in Los Angeles. At least one major Republican official would perish in the melee. The Democratic Party would be tied in to the events, discredited, possibly outlawed. The Republican candidate would then win an easy victory with the overwhelming support of an outraged citizenry. Today, Tackwood sticks by his original story (to be published in September by Avon as *The Glasshouse Tapes*), though he now adds that the plan also called for blowing up the podium as President Nixon was making his acceptance speech!

[CIVIL WAR IN SAN DIEGO]

Incredible as the Tackwood scenario seemed back in 1971, it sounded less outlandish to San Diego radicals than to those on the outside. For two years, they had quite literally been engaged in protracted warfare with right-wingers determined to drive them out of the area. As early as 1970, activists associated with the San Diego *Street Journal*, an underground newspaper, were living in an armed fortress which they guarded around the clock against the attacks of night riders who would shoot into their houses, firebomb their cars and threaten their lives. (Curiously, this terror campaign intensified as the paper exposed more and more illegal activities of San Diego kingpin C. Arnholt Smith.) On one occasion, for example, sentries spotted two men crouched behind a car with a high-powered rifle trained on the house. It was late at night, but they were prepared for such emergencies. At a signal, they switched on floodlamps which bathed the house in light and they announced over a loudspeaker system that they would open fire if the men did not withdraw. The gunmen waited a moment, then dismantled their rifle, and drove off into the night.

By late 1971, the vigilantes had stepped up their attacks and had chosen their principal targets. One of these was a certain Peter Bohmer, a radical who at the time was teaching economics at San Diego State College. He began receiving threatening phone calls, and on November 13, 1971, a car parked in front of his house was firebombed. Then on December 27, 1971, a group calling itself the Secret Army Organization put out a Special Bulletin on Peter Bohmer. After listing his anti-war activities, and his background, the letter said: "For any of our readers who may care to look up this Red Scum, and say hello, here is some information

(Continued on page 56)

Richard Popkin taught philosophy at the University of California, San Diego and now teaches at Washington University, St. Louis. He is a world-renowned expert on skepticism and author of The History of Skepticism *and* The Second Oswald.

by Richard Popkin

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WANTED

for TREASON

NIXON

DESCRIPTION

FULL NAME: Richard Milhous Nixon. DATE OF BIRTH: January 9, 1913 at Yorba Linda, California. FORMER OCCUPATIONS: Used car salesman, law clerk, second rate congressman, and mediocre Vice President. PRESENT OCCUPATION: Professional liar and double crosser (part time employment as United States President). WEIGHT: 170 pounds. EYES: brown. HAIR: black. HEIGHT: 5'11". RACE: White. NATIONALITY: Claims American citizenship but actions prove this unlikely. LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. (Rumored to have a California hideout.)

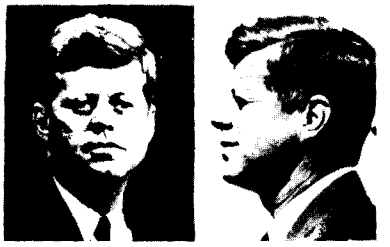
CRIMINAL RECORD

RICHARD NIXON (alias Cry-Baby Nixon, alieas Tricky Dicky) is an expert in disguises and has successfully passed himself off as an anti-communist in the past. He may again try using this disguise if pressed for votes in 1972. Saying one thing, then doing the opposite is Nixon's MOA. While he campaigned in 1968 on a platform of curtailing socialism he has in fact done more to establish a socialistic dictatorship than either of the last two Democrat administrations. His economic policies have continued to enrich Big Industrialists while rising prices and higher taxes have all but reduced the average worker to a state of financial slavery. This criminal has even made vicious attacks on small children (forced busing to acheive "racial balance") and has caused the destruction of local school systems. WARNING: Nixon suffers from an EMPEROR COMPLEX and becomes extremely dangerous when criticized.

CAUTION

Trickery and deceit are Nixon's trade-marks. At the present time Nixon and his chief henchman HENRY (CZAR) KISSINGER are engaged in forming an alliance with another gang of criminals, the Red Chinese. The RED CHINA GANG have slaughtered an estimated fifty million of their own people since coming to power. This Godless horde of barbarians killed thousands of Americans in the Korean War (shooting captured soldiers and starving and torturing prisoners of war). The RED CHINA GANG have been supplying the NORTH VIETNAMESE BANDITS with weapons and bullets to kill American soldiers in another no-win war in Vietnam. The very fact that Nixon is dealing with these ARCH ENEMIES OF FREEDOM is enough to convict him of treason. DO NOT LET THIS CRIMINAL STEAL YOUR FREEDOM. DEMAND HIS ARREST BY PROPER AUTHORITIES AND HIS TRIAL FOR THE CRIME OF HIGH TREASON.

Secret Army Organization



WANTED

FOR

TREASON

THIS MAN is wanted for treasonous activities against the United States:

1. Betraying the Constitution (which he swore to uphold).
   He is turning the sovereignty of the U.S. over to the communist controlled United Nations.
   He is betraying our friends (Cuba, Katanga, Portugal) and befriending our enemies (Russia, Yugoslavia, Poland).
2. He has been WRONG on innumerable issues affecting the security of the U.S. (United Nations, wall, Missile removal-Cuba, [illegible], Test Ban Treaty, etc.)
3. He has been lax in enforcing Communist Registration laws.
4. He has given support and encouragement to the Communist inspired racial riots.
5. He has illegally invaded a sovereign State with federal troops.
6. He has consistantly appointed Anti-Christians to Federal office. Upholds the Supreme Court in its Anti-Christian rulings. Aliens and known Communists abound in Federal offices.
7. He has been caught in fantastic LIES to the American people including personal ones like his previous marriage and divorce.

Warren Commission Exhibit 996

"Godfrey testified that he had paid the printer for the posters, picked them up, and was reimbursed by the FBI, and that the FBI understood the nature of his expenditures and saw all of his SAO publications."

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JANE GOTTLIEB

Notes on the Energy Crisis

Suddenly, "energy crisis" has become a household term. Like the food crisis and inflation, it has come on us like gangbusters, and it will no doubt stay with us for some time to come.

People are looking for culprits, and while there are indeed culprits—and they should be found, we ought not let that investigation cloud our understanding of the more fundamental currents which have recently surfaced as an energy crisis. These will continue to affect our lives long after the current gasoline shortage has abated.

James Ridgeway is author of The Last Play: The Struggle to Monopolize the World's Energy Resources *published by Dutton.*

by James Ridgeway

The energy crisis, as popularized by the major international oil corporations, works on two levels. First, as natural resources become more scarce they become more expensive to extract, process and market. The pressure has been building since the end of the second world war, and we now are becoming more aware of it. Assuming that the structure of the petroleum and mining industries remains the same, the result is that fuel and energy prices will rise steadily. As this happens, the poorer segments of the population will find it increasingly difficult to afford energy.

Second, mineral resources are finite. If current rates of growth continue, they will be reduced substantially, perhaps exhausted by the end of this century, or more probably by the middle of the next. Natural gas, then oil, will become scarce. Even the supply of coal, which is considered to be abundant, may be exhausted rapidly if it is widely used as a base for synthetic gas.

This situation is made confusing and rational solutions difficult by the existence of the energy industry, that conglomeration of large petroleum companies which for the last half century has pretty much controlled the political and economic decisions affecting energy policies. Traditionally the business has been dominated by seven companies, the so-called "seven sisters," namely, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, Texaco, California Standard, Gulf, Mobil, Shell and British Petroleum. They control two thirds of the world's oil, dominate the refining, transportation and marketing of petroleum and natural gas products. In the U.S. they produce a sizeable amount of our coal and uranium, and they are engaged in chemicals, petrochemicals, fabrication of nuclear fuel as well as in some instances the manufacture of nuclear power plants. Perhaps most importantly, the large petroleum companies are the only source of information the government has for the extent of our mineral fuels resources. They dominate the technology for developing alternative fuels made from synthetics.

As a practical matter these large corporations constitute a private government of energy. Any understanding of the "crisis" which they are so enthusiastically publicizing must begin with a brief history of oil operations in recent years.

[THE MATTEI AFFAIR]

The recent origins of the energy crisis go back at least 20 years. One place to start is 1953 with the CIA-engineered coup that overthrew Mohammad Mossadegh and returned the Shah to power in Iran. Mossadegh had nationalized the Iranian oil industry, up until then controlled by the British. After the Shah was brought back, Eisenhower sent Herbert Hoover, Jr., as his emissary. Hoover arranged for the oil industry to be controlled through a consortium of companies, including British, French, Dutch, and for the first time in Iran's history, American concerns. But the new oil consortium foolishly blocked membership by other countries, most importantly Italy. This so infuriated Enrico Mattei, head of the Italian state enterprise, ENI, that he determined to break the Anglo-American oil cartel.

Mattei got his chance right after the Suez crisis in 1956. With feelings running high against the British and French, he helped the Iranian parliament write a new petroleum law

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which introduced the hitherto unheard of idea of joint ventures (rights to oil previously had been granted countries on the basis of concessions). Italy and Iran then made such a venture. A jointly held company was created: the Italians put up the venture capital; Iranians got the jobs in oil fields. If oil was found then Italy got first crack at it, but Iran got 75 percent of the profits from the venture's operation.

The oil companies were taken aback by this first joint venture, for it violated every tenet of doing business in the Middle East, not only by giving the oil producing countries large amounts of profits, but also by conceding to them participation—indeed, actual control—of the oil operations. Standard Oil Company of New Jersey sought to buy off Mattei, offering him quantities of cheap oil and refining capacity. But Mattei was mysteriously killed in an airplane crash before the deal could be consummated.

The joint venture between Iran and Italy served as an early model for what is now called "participation." Saudi Arabia made a similar deal with the Japanese. Mattei's techniques were adopted and elaborated by the younger, more militant Arabs who launched and developed the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countires (OPEC).

And so after Suez the major Anglo-American oil companies realized full well that the rules of the oil game in the Middle East were changed. Not only would they be called on to pay more money, but increasingly they would be asked to cede back control of oil operations to the producing countries, and those countries would then be asking for participation in profits from marketing the products.

That was one of the forces that affected the oil industry's efforts to diversify holdings. On the one hand, the major companies spread their search for oil into Southeast Asia, in the shallow seas off Indonesia, near Indochina, and running down to Australia. They moved actively into Alaska, and from there into the Canadian Arctic. They stepped up a campaign in the United States for increased drilling on the outer continental shelf. Most important, they began to buy up other energy sources: they bought into the coal industry, took a major position in uranium, and branched out into the nuclear energy field. By 1965 Jersey Standard had quietly amassed the largest coal reserves in the United States, some six million tons in southern Illinois. In this way the oil industry became the energy industry, and the results were felt in the various energy markets.

[THE GASOLINE PROBLEM]

Recent public concern about energy has centered around the scarcity of gasoline. This situation, however, cannot really be understood apart from the broader picture. Like the emergence of an energy industry, it is partially a by-product of the changing political equation in the Middle East. Once the major petroleum companies could count on a sizeable profit margin at the producing end of the business. They would take advantage of cheap royalty rates paid producing countries, and more importantly, apply the tax benefits afforded by the U.S. government. But as the Arabs demanded more of the take, and consumption within the U.S. increased, the industry was forced to look for increasing profits in refining and marketing petroleum products against a backdrop of declining profits at the producing end.

This keen interest in refining and marketing provides a context for viewing the recent shortages in fuel oil and gasoline.

In the summer of 1972, the major companies assured the Office of Emergency Preparedness that "there would be an adequate supply of #2 [fuel] oil during the coming winter," and that "the industry has the necessary refining capacity and necessary foodstocks to insure an adequate supply." But as Martin Lobel, until recently Senator Proxmire's oil expert, points out, this was a misleading statement. The American Petroleum Institute's public report showed that stock levels of fuel oil on September 1, 1972 were 27.8 million barrels below those for the same date in 1971. That led Proxmire, for one, to warn of impending shortages. Neither the government nor the industry did anything to meet the possibility of a shortage, and predictably it occurred.

As supplies were reduced, the prices for fuel oil went up. Then amidst public outcry, the major oil companies raced to refine more fuel oil at a time when their refineries usually were making gasoline in preparation for the summer months. That, in turn, precipitated the gasoline shortage.

In large part these shortages occurred because small, independent refineries could not obtain sufficient quantities of crude oil. During the spring independent refineries were operating at 322,000 barrels of oil per day below capacity. One independent refinery in Oklahoma actually closed because it could not obtain sufficient supplies of crude oil (most of the crude oil is controlled by the major companies).

The country consumes some 47 million barrels of gasoline each week. The oil industry produces 45 million barrels a week. That leaves a short fall of two million barrels. Under usual circumstances about half the 322,000 unfulfilled capacity of the independents would be for gasoline. That comes out to about one million barrels of gasoline a week, or enough gas to make up half the shortage. The result of this shortage was to drive out independent refineries, and the independent gasoline stations that sell cut-rate gasoline.

The FTC has documented two cases, one against Phillips Petroleum and the other against Ohio Standard, that show price rigging to control gasoline markets. As the independent discount gas stations went out of business during the spring, the major companies were busily replacing them with their own discount gas brands. The FTC petroleum study argues, "The majors cannot raise gasoline price margins in markets where there is increasing entry and expansion by price-competing independents and in this sense the independents serve to prevent out-of-control price increases."

[THE "REAL" ENERGY CRISIS]

If the public thinks of the energy crisis as essentially a gasoline crisis, the major oil companies see it much more as a natural gas crisis. In fact, official talk of an "energy crisis" began with reports from the majors that natural gas reserves were running low. Gas supplies about one third of all energy in the country. In the late

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1960s there was a particularly keen demand for the clean burning natural gas because of air pollution in big metropolitan areas.

Oil companies produce most of the natural gas, which is then fed through interstate pipeline companies to markets on the east and west coast. The companies claimed that unless the price of gas was raised at the well-head, there would not be sufficient incentive for them to discover more, and hence there would be a shortage.

The alleged natural gas shortage is at the crux of the energy crisis, for it is the hinge on which the oil companies base future fuels policy. That policy is fairly simple: the gas shortage can be used to force the Federal Power Commission to increase the price of natural gas, then as a lever in the Congress to deregulate its price altogether. As the price is forced upward, it becomes economically feasible in the industry's terms to introduce synthetic gas made from coal. The oil companies have been buying up coal companies and amassing reserves for the last 10 years.

Again, to understand developments in the natural gas business, it is useful to place them in a historical setting:

In the Phillips decision of 1954 the Supreme Court ruled that the government, through the Federal Power Commission, must regulate the price paid for gas by the big interstate pipeline companies to the major oil companies which produce the bulk of the gas. That decision represents a substantial effort to regulate the oil industry. Much gas is discovered in the search for oil, and in order to properly regulate gas prices, the commission would need to inquire into the costs of the oil exploration. That in turn conceivably might lead to regulation of the entire oil industry.

Shortly after the Phillips decision was announced the gas men warned of a short supply of natural gas because, they said, there would no longer be any economic incentive to drill. There was a move in Congress to deregulate the price of gas. In 1955, A. P. King, Jr., representing the Texas Independent Producers Royalty Owners Association, said, "The supply of natural gas available in years past—at least in large part—was priced artificially low at the well and will rapidly fall short of growing demand unless allowed to reach normal competitive levels." The Independent Petroleum Association of America declared, "Federal regulation of natural gas will inevitably result in diminishing supplies and higher cost of this essential and desirable fuel."

Between 1954 and 1961, the FPC did not attempt in any serious way to regulate the price of gas. Then, during the Kennedy administration, Joseph Swidler, chairman of the FPC, worked out a system of price control based on average existing rates for the different gas producing areas. The oil industry fought area pricing through the courts and finally lost in the Supreme Court in 1968. Again gas producers warned of an "energy crisis," and sure enough, by 1969 gas reserve figures published by the industry began to decline.

Since the federal government relies exclusively on the industry reports for estimates of gas reserves, it has little way of checking whether the reserve estimates are correct or not. In 1971 FPC economists noted what they thought to be discrepancies in the figures of the American Gas Association, the trade organization which draws up gas reserve statistics. The staff economists asked the commission for permission to make an independent inquiry into gas reserves. The industry vigorously opposed such a study, and the full commission eventually denied the staff permission to make one. Instead, for cosmetic purposes the commission ordered a gas survey where FPC staff members checked the industry reserve accounts, but did not inquire into the background data on which the reserve estimates were based.

In 1971 the FPC accepted the industry figures, agreed there was indeed a gas shortage and an "energy crisis," and said the price of gas should be made higher to offer additional incentives to companies that searched for new gas. Thus, the price at the well head for gas offshore Louisiana was raised from 18½ cents per thousand cubic feet (mcf) to 26 cents per mcf. Recent statistics for the year 1972 suggest the price increase had a distinct effect: the opposite of the intended one. More successful gas wells were drilled in 1972, but strangely, gas reserves continued to decline.

[FORCING PRICES UP]

In June 1973 James T. Halverson, director of the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Competition, testified before Senator Hart's antitrust subcommittee that there was "serious under-reporting" of reserves by natural gas producers to the Federal Power Commission. He went on to say that the procedures for reporting reserves by the American Gas Association "could provide the vehicle for a conspiracy among the companies involved to under-report gas reserves."

While the Federal Trade Commission experts were reporting their findings to Senator Hart, the Federal Power Commission was busily granting yet another price rise to the oil producers, an increase that would lift the price from 26 to 45 cents per mcf. Both the Federal Power Commission and the White House additionally sought to pressure Congress and the courts to deregulate the price of gas. If successful, the price of natural gas probably would go a lot higher than 45 cents.

It is important to understand that so far, the Federal Power Commission's incentive program has raised the price more than double without any indication that the industry has discovered new supplies of gas.

As the price of natural gas has climbed, the oil companies have begun to take a more active interest in synthetic gas, made from naptha or from coal. Once the price of natural gas reaches a high enough level, then synthetic gas can become profitable, and it will be introduced to ease the "energy crisis" by supplementing the supposedly dwindling natural gas supplies. This is slowly beginning to happen.

Development of synthetics was hastened by the El Paso Natural Gas Co.'s much publicized scheme to import large quantities of Algerian liquefied natural gas (LNG) for use along the East Coast. This project has been approved by the Federal Power Commission, and while it represents a large and important deal in its own right, it was crucial to the oil industry for little noticed reasons.

Liquefied natural gas costs much more than natural gas. The gas must first be piped from wells in Algeria, run through a processing plant where the gas is frozen, then loaded into tankers for the trip across the Atlantic. The

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frozen gas is finally unloaded at East Coast ports, and turned back into a gas so it can be intermingled with natural gas flowing through the pipelines.

Among the major questions to be decided in the El Paso case was whether gas companies which purchased the Algerian LNG could "roll in" its high price. The commission eventually gave its approval. That decision is viewed as a precedent for the proposed synthetic projects, laying the way for the industry to "roll in" or pass along the extremely high prices of these schemes to the consuming public.

The major synthetic projects involve changing coal into a gas that can be intermingled in the pipeline system with natural gas. The technology is complex with certain problems unresolved, but the profitability from the companies' point of view seems to be clearly established. That is likely to mean that these coal gasification projects—some 200 of them have been planned in the mountain states—will go forward. Coal gasification requires large amounts of strip mine coal, large quantities of water and construction of expensive plants. If it goes ahead, it means large scale development of coal resources in the mountain states, attendant decline in the existing agricultural economy, and most important, a tremendous strain on the already scarce water resources of the region.

And so it is possible to discern certain ongoing trends amidst all the confusion generated by the "energy crisis": After the oil companies recognized the seriousness of Arab nationalism, they moved to diversify their oil holdings through stepped up exploration programs in other parts of the world, primarily in Southeast Asia and in the Arctic. At the same time, they bought into other fields, particularly coal, which could be used as the base for synthetic fuel in the future.

The short-term fuel oil and gasoline shortages were convenient vehicles for the major oil companies to tighten their grip on independents, and drive them out of business. Then again, the energy crisis was a lever to force up the price of natural gas, and for a campaign to deregulate the price of gas. If successful, that would formally remove the federal government from regulation of fuel prices. More importantly, it would permit raising fuel prices to the point where oil companies could begin to seriously exploit synthetic gas made from coal, with enormous consequences for the nation's economy and ecology.

Whether or not they succeed now in this scheme, we can be certain that the majors will keep up the pressure. Moreover, the nation does have serious energy problems which it will have to cope with in the years ahead. Its ability to handle them well, and with foresight, will likely hinge on its ability to handle the major oil companies, to distinguish what is in their interest and what in fact serves the needs of the population at large. ■

DIANE COLEMAN

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BELFAST'S CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE

by David and Philip Thompson

Philip Thompson is a London photographer whose work has appeared in the *Observer* and *Time Out*. David Thompson lives in Los Angeles and has written for the *L.A. Free Press* and done radio programming on Ireland. They are brothers.

Teresa Gurley was seven and a half years old when she wrote this story about the night her street went up in flames. It was the Ardoyne section of Belfast, Northern Ireland, on August 9, 1971, and 190 burning houses lit the sky as [illegible] fighting erupted between Catholics and Protestants along Farringdon Gardens and two other streets.

For the past five years, Teresa Gurley's Belfast has been a virtual war zone. She and her young friends live in the thick of "the troubles" and they experience them day in and day out.

The streets of her neighborhood are lined with small, three-roomed houses which often contain large, extended families. As a result, home life is crowded, and the children of Belfast spend a great deal of time on the streets. There they are the first to witness the arrival of British patrols in the Catholic areas. Then again, the British "snatch squads" have made street life dangerous for adult males. Under the circumstances, the children have come to play an important role in the street fighting—as "sentries" for IRA gunmen and as an attack force which, with stones and Molotov cocktails, keeps the British army at bay while their elders carry out duties less visible and more urgent.

Nor do the children escape "the troubles" at home, for house searches are frequent and brutal, and a family is

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always on t… …mon for adults t… …ay awake very … …r 4 a.m.), listeni… …or noise, peer … … or through chinks … … walls. Often … … keep watch with their pa… … refusing to … …nemselves. They have … … afraid of n… …—shooting, bro…ing wind… … and they fa… …he coun… …n their parents … When they … …d, th… …on sleeping wit… … parents. As t… …ults, n… …with their cloth… … and the men … …ently spe… …ght on the sofa, r… … at a moment's notice to def… …a.

After ni… …of heavy … … the schools are … … empty. Tho… children … …d are fatigued an… … less. They b… …have nervo… …idly, and display … …erous signs of extreme … …uipped to deal wi… … effects of the nig… …teachers offer co… … and try to make … …n from the violence … …

But try as t… …les are always prese… … evidenced b… …own on these pages … artists are s… …om Ardoyne, w… … tend two s… …or boys, anoth… … girls. They … …ictures of their … …borhood: th… …em.

Of the 9… …ldren produced … … seven showed no signs of the current conflict. The rest characterized Belfast in numerous settings, all having about them a sense of the violence—of which the most frequently occurring symbol was the so-called "Saracen" car, a British Army vehicle used to patrol the tougher areas.

By the age of seven, it appears, the boys and the girls have developed sharply divergent attitudes towards the conflict. As the girls play only a passive role in the combat (they are sent home when trouble flares), they tend to depict the British Army presence, or the results of the violence, but not always the violence itself. They portray the Saracens as part of their daily life, passing them by as they play their games, part of the traffic in a busy street, or parked ominously in front of the gaily-painted houses. In their pictures of everyday street life, the girls provide clues to the real costs of the civil war in Northern Ireland: the moving van (commonly used to relocate families in safer areas), the solitary wire barricades, the black flags of mourning, the peace dove in a window, or the boarded-up door of a burnt-out house. Often their paintings show no visible sign of trouble-in-progress, but only the day-to-day scenes that are but an indication of the death that occurred the day before, or the riot of a week previous.

The boys' paintings focus on the action itself and avoid

I pray ther… …ay soon,
In the stre… …ens,
The blaze,
The sound …
And moth…
At the sigh…
Going up i…
And men s…
How it is s…
Such a thin…
The flames …
People sho…
Are they d…
And feels ru…
Husbands …
Fighter and …
And out u…
And all tha…
Of black o…
Sickened, o…
People not …
Can it be sa…

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description of minute detail. They show the Saracens as the targets of bullets and stones, often surrounded by dead or injured soldiers and defenders. The gunfire is vividly portrayed, as is the blood and supremacy of the IRA. Frequently they depict the IRA slogans seen on the end houses in Ardoyne.

It may be impossible to gauge the long-term impact of the war on the children of Belfast, but there are some indications. Dr. Timothy Hurley, one of the few doctors serving the Ardoyne, has witnessed the consequences of the prolonged strife, and he tells of a dramatic rise in the use of tranquilizers, an increase in asthma among children, and anxiety-related complaints of fainting, dizziness, rashes, tiredness, and lethargy.

Albert McKuen, 16, provides a different sort of measure. He was 11 when the current troubles began, and—like most of his peers—has played an active role in them. He feels that he was turned down for three jobs in Northern Ireland because he was Catholic, and he has now gone to England to find work. Last fall, while still in Ardoyne, he began to play with our tape recorder and at one point spent a few minutes speaking softly into the microphone. We were curious about what this normally quiet youth had to say, and later that night we found the passage on the tape.

"The time will come," said Albert McKuen, "when Ireland is free from the English Government and the English Forces. The day will come when we will be able to hold up our heads as free men and free women. The day will come when children can play with toys and not with bottles and guns." No longer, like the younger children, a painter or poet, Albert had graduated into the Belfast world of violence and political prose. ■

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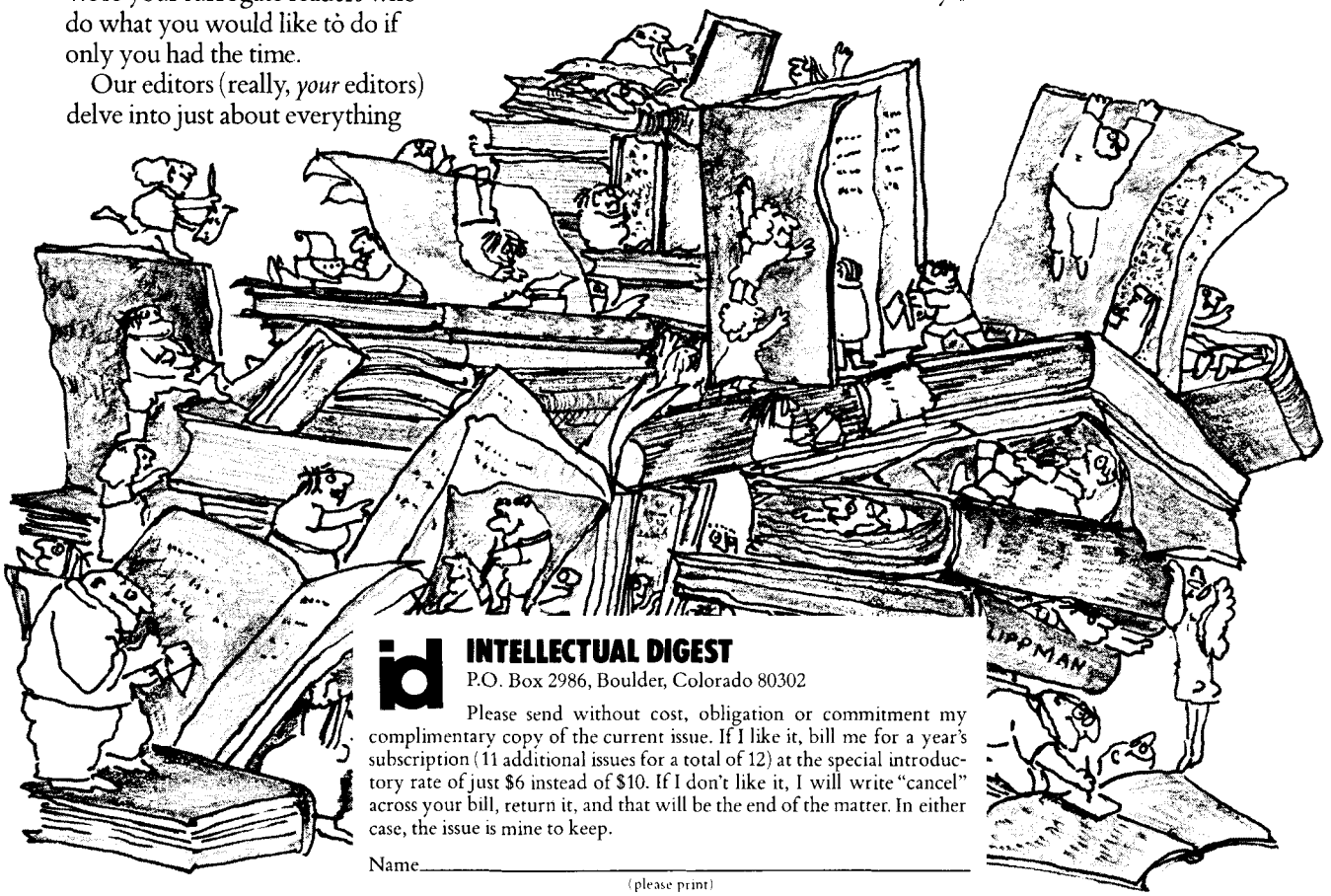

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

While the POWs have come home to White House receptions, lifetime free passes to baseball games, and general media fanfare, no one seems interested in America's 3 million other Vietnam veterans. If the POWs were kept before us as symbols of "peace with honor," the ordinary veterans are treated as unwanted reminders of a war everyone is doing their best to forget.

Nevertheless, every ordinary Vietnam Vet faces problems just as great as the well-publicized difficulties of the returning prisoners of war. Veterans' unemployment is high, their educational benefits are inadequate, and Nixon wants to cut their disability benefits. There are also the less tangible scars which still linger: feelings of guilt and brutalization, torn nerves, nightmares, and doubt about ever again becoming an open, loving human being.

Having been used by American institutions once, many veterans don't want to travel that road again—especially when it leads to the Veterans Administration, which with its World War II mentality and red tape seems like the Army all over. As an alternative, many vets have been setting up their own organizations.

A number of **rap groups** have sprung up across the country, where veterans can discuss what happened to them in Vietnam and what's happening to them now. In **New York**, a group organized by the **Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW)** includes psychiatrist participant-observers in the rap sessions. (If you're interested in this group, call or write Arthur Egendorf, Veterans Resource Project, Room 766, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, 10027, [212] 870-2192.) A **San Francisco** group called **Twice Born Men** (360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Ca 94103) includes not only veterans, but ex-convicts and mental patients, who are able to share a common need to rehumanize themselves after their experiences in the military, prisons, and mental institutions.

Other veterans' projects stress more formal **educational programs**. At Kwinnipaeg College in **New Haven, Connecticut**, two professors set up a special veterans' course last year. The program consisted of both rap sessions and courses on the historical, cultural and social background of the Vietnam war. Next year the program hopes to expand into a **veterans' university without walls**, in which vets can select their own courses and faculty. (Write: Veterans' Course c/o Shalom Edelman, Kwinnipaeg College, New Haven, Conn. Phone 203-288-5141 ext. 401.) A program called **Veterans' Accelerated Learning for Teaching** (VAULT) at Webster College in **St. Louis** waives pre-college requirements for vets who are willing **to become teachers** in urban ghetto schools. The program provides education for the vets and alleviates the critical shortage of male teachers in ghetto schools. VAULT (470 E. Lockwood, St. Louis, Mo. 63119, Phone 314-968-0500) is especially interested in third world veterans.

Third world vets in general have an even rougher time both in and out of the military than do other GIs. A group of third world veterans in New Haven organized the **National Veterans' Fraternity**. The fraternity handles problems of **jobs, housing,** and **discharge review** for third world vets, and is helping with **legal problems** for third world GIs still in the service. The fraternity already has spread to New York, Newark, and other cities, and is in the process of going nationwide. (Write National Veterans' Fraternity, P.O. Box 3927, New Haven, Conn., 06525 or call Charles Teddington at 503-776-8206.) The **Military Law Project** at the **Washington University** School of Law is also working on discharge review and other military law problems. This project has the advantage of access to the files at the Selective Service National Headquarters in St. Louis. (Contact Toby Hollander at the Washington University School of Law, St. Louis, Mo. 63130, Phone 314-863-4902.)

Some veterans' action groups have sprouted into large, well-funded organizations that provide a **whole range of services** ex-GIs would normally have to get from the V.A. The **Seattle Veterans Action Center** (1300 Madison Street, Seattle, Washington 98104, 206-583-6595) has been particularly successful in enlisting city, county, and private **financial support** for their many veterans' programs. **Half-Step** in **Philadelphia** (5603 Green Street, Phila. Pa. 19144) has programs to assist veterans getting jobs, receiving GI **benefits**, fighting **drug problems**, as well as **rap groups**.

* * * *

The **Veterans National Resource Project**, listed above, is **gathering information** on various veterans projects and will provide it to people who are starting their own. They also have a **complete bibliography** of articles and books on veterans. In addition, the **VVAW National Clearinghouse on Post Vietnam Syndrome** has a **library** which includes case histories of veterans, news clippings, V.A. reports, poetry and articles by veterans. (Write them c/o John Lindquist, 2439 N. Fratney Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.)

There are also a number of worthwhile **books** on veterans and their problems. **Robert Jay Lifton's Home From The War: Vietnam Veterans Neither Victims Nor Executioners** (Simon and Shuster, 1973) grew out of Lifton's experiences with rap groups. For another story of the emotional conflicts of Vietnam Veterans read **Murray Polner's No Victory Parades** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971).

For a look at the more **material problems** of returning vets, read **Wasted Men: The Reality of the Vietnam Veteran**, a report produced by the **Veterans World Project**, Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, Ill. 62025. And the **Ralph Nader** report **Troubled Peace: An Epilogue to Vietnam** can be obtained from the **Center for Study of Responsive Law**, P.O. Box 19367, Washington, D.C. 20036 ($12.50 prepaid). ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, Ramparts Magazine, *2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

The information in this column was provided by John G. Fuchs of Milwaukee, and Jack Smith of the Veterans National Resource Project.

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WORLD OF CIA

(From page 22)

[SUPER-CRONKITE]

It was General Walter Bedell Smith who instituted the second great step towards expansion of CIA influence in government policy—the daily intelligence briefing. After the intelligence community was caught off guard by the fighting that erupted in Korea in June of 1950, President Truman appointed Smith as CIA Director and urged him to shake up the Agency. Smith brought Dulles and Jackson into the CIA right away, dusted off their old report and began to implement some of its findings. More significantly, he initiated the practice of the daily briefing for the President and all senior government officials.

The daily intelligence briefing was instituted with the best intentions. If the CIA had previously failed to keep the President and his highest executives adequately informed on a frequent and regular basis, then it seemed only right to set up a procedure which would remedy that situation. But in practice, this procedure served quite a different purpose. By involving the President directly in intelligence, on a day-to-day basis, the briefing became a form of executive entrapment. It enabled the CIA to focus the President's attention on those areas and courses of action in which the Agency had some vested interest. The beginning of this daily briefing in 1952-53 was also the beginning of a power shift toward the CIA and away from State and Defense.

Through the Eisenhower years this shift was not entirely apparent. General Eisenhower had been accustomed to the utilization of a strong staff all of his life. He understood the value of a staff organization, and he used such an organization effectively. Therefore, the daily briefing was, to him, no more than that. He would receive the briefing, but he would wait for his Cabinet to advise him on each matter following the briefing.

But when Kennedy became President, he and his closest advisors were captivated by this daily "Super-Cronkite" presentation—so much so that he saw no reason to convene the National Security Council (NSC). Not being trained or especially skilled in the administrative process, JFK felt more at home with his closest friends, advisors and relatives, and most of them were not Cabinet officials. Thus the Cabinet gave way to the inner circle; high security classification and the exclusion inherent in the "need to know" system reduced that circle to a very small number. As Lyman Kirkpatrick, former Executive Director of the CIA, has said, "President Kennedy paid for the abandoning of the NSC at the Bay of Pigs. He had allowed himself and his principal advisors to be made the captives of the proponents of the plan.... If the President had insisted that the deliberations on the operation be conducted within the framework of an NSC system, with appropriate staff work and review, there would have been a much greater chance that he would have received a more realistic appraisal of its chances for success (or failure)." No one could speak with more authority on this subject than Kirkpatrick: he was one of the architects of the daily briefing idea, before the concept was turned from its original purpose.

Ten years later, the daily intelligence briefing is as captivating as ever. When John Mitchell referred to his daily 8:30 a.m. White House meeting during his Watergate testimony, he was referring to the CIA intelligence briefing. The CIA gives sneak previews of the coming morning's briefing to some favored assistants to the officials who attend the morning sessions, to keep the assistants up with what their bosses are thinking about. In this way the influence of the briefing has spread far beyond the White House, and has become a central part of much of bureaucratic Washington's day.

In addition to briefing the President daily, the CIA has managed to plant its own man in the White House—usually in the person of the Presidential national security advisor. Before the CIA itself was created, Nelson Rockefeller spoke for the intelligence community to President Truman. Gordon Grey served in that role under Eisenhower. Under the cover title of "military advisor," Maxwell Taylor actually represented the CIA in the Kennedy White House. McGeorge Bundy, another CIA front man, used his position as a Presidential advisor to tremendously strengthen the Agency's covert role in Vietnam. These advisors usually represented the point of view of the DD/O, the dirty tricks division. As such, they sometimes came into conflict with the DD/I, which prepares the daily intelligence report. The conflict between Bundy and the intelligence division surfaced in the Pentagon Papers—a rare glimpse into the internecine battles that go on in the intelligence community. Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security advisor, seems to have achieved a rare balance between the DD/I and DD/O viewpoints. Like his predecessors, he depends on the CIA for his enormous influence in the White House. Alexander Haig, formerly Kissinger's assistant, now White House chief of staff, is also CIA-oriented. Haig was the army officer who acted as liaison between the CIA and the Kennedy administration. He is indebted to the Agency for his lightning ascent from major in 1962 to four-star general in 1973.

The rise of the CIA covert operations section, the institution of the daily Presidential briefing, and the placement of an Agency-oriented advisor in every Administration, all have given the CIA an enormous, powerful voice in high level policy making.

[NEW TRICKS]

With the winding down of combat activities in Southeast Asia and the new atmosphere of detente with both China and Russia, there was speculation that the CIA—especially the dirty tricks division—would lose its grip on America's policymakers. The replacement of old dirty trickster Richard Helms with James Schlesinger as Director, Central Intelligence seemed like a victory for intelligence gathering activities over covert operations.

Actually, Helms's new assignment as Ambassador to Iran points to the continuing importance of dirty tricks in American foreign policy. The removal of Richard Helms from the DCI position to Iran may appear as a demotion, banishment from the center of power for that career CIA man. But remember, Helms has always been a covert operations man (DD/O area). He came up through the ranks from the old Office of Strategic Services

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(OSS). He was never an intelligence (DD/I) man.

Therefore a return to Iran is actually a strong assignment for Helms, for the CIA has a long history of covert activity there since the removal of Mossadegh and the cultivation of the Shah. The CIA helped to sponsor and establish the Iranian international airline. It has developed a string of radar sites there, and for years the Agency has carefully selected Military Aid Program trainees from Iran to travel to the U.S. for "Technical Training" (and a high priced holiday)—thereby endearing itself to many of the leaders and important families of Iran.

Iran seems destined to become the Thailand of the Middle East. It was "Wild Bill" Donovan—the former head of the OSS—who, as Ambassador to Thailand, created that U.S. bastion in Southeast Asia. It will be Helms, the former DCI, who will create the new American base of operations for the Middle East in Iran. This assignment will prove to have been one of the most significant and influential made by Nixon in his second term. Helms is a most experienced and able man and the results of his assignment to this not so obscure post will be well worth watching, especially by those who still wonder how and why the U.S. became involved in Vietnam.

The Watergate revelations, too, have been read as a sign of declining CIA influence on the White House. On the surface, it appears that Nixon set up his own intelligence and dirty tricks operations over the heads of established agencies. But there is evidence to the contrary.

The 1970 "Huston" domestic intelligence plan is the most dangerous of all the "Watergate" episodes. It is grossly mistaken to think that one man in the White House—Tom Huston—put together and wrote the manifesto. In fact, an informed look at the 1970 domestic intelligence plan suggests that certain parts of the intelligence establishment provided the guiding force behind it.

It has been revealed that the CIA concurred with the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), the National Security Agency (NSA) and the White House in support of the plan that Tom Huston presented. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover had no other choice than to oppose this action because any such domestic intelligence activity would have all but killed his Bureau. Indeed, it may well be that such long-time Bureau adversaries as the CIA and the Department of the Army saw in this proposal an opportunity to attempt a coup against the power of the FBI, on the dual assumption that the President wanted this domestic intelligence plan badly enough to side with its proponents and that Hoover was getting too feeble to fight the big battle again. As we know, Hoover rose to the occasion once more—not because he disagreed with the politics of the idea, but to maintain the Bureau's hold on most aspects of internal security.

More ominous than the plan itself is the fact that everyone in authority—from President on down—approved and went along with it. It is, indeed, even more insidious than is immediately apparent. Note that the National Security Agency and the Army are very close. They are brothers in the Defense establishment. Army Intelligence has, for a long time, willingly permitted itself to become involved in domestic activities. Once the Army performed this role because it was professional, incorruptible, above politics. Later it gave active and willing support to other CIA/White House activities. And finally it began to actively seek such a role to the exclusion of others, such as the CIA or the FBI.

In this domestic intelligence scheme, the Army was joined by the NSA to present a strong front—the Army's manpower strength plus NSA's unequalled technological ability. It was, no doubt, an easy step from that position to recruitment of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) behind the plan. Always eager to joust with the giants, the DIA would willingly take an active part against the CIA and the FBI. It is by far the junior member of this highly competitive community and it sought this opportunity to vault into a position of prominence with the President and the White House.

The role of these agencies in the drafting of the Huston plan can be estimated if we treat the plan as a typical interdepartmental staff paper, which it probably was. The interdepartmental staff paper is not an uncommon document. Those familiar with this rather rarified art know its characteristics. First of all, following the initial meetings when the project is defined as well as possible, each agency goes back to its own confines, brings to play its best and most experienced people and begins the drafting of its own version of the paper. In fact, in the case of the Department of Defense, it may draft several different papers and may even call upon the singular expertise of think tanks such as RAND and IDA to assure the quality and thoroughness of the product.

At this point, the work has at least two primary objectives. Each agency must assure the survival of its own primary viewpoints and each agency vies to have its paper selected as the principal substance of the final product. In accordance with this established practice a Tom Charles Huston could be given the task of working up the final draft. Inevitably, and to simplify his own task, he would read all proposals, select the one he liked best, work a few subsidiary ideas into it from the other papers, and put together the "final."

Each participant, even experienced outsiders, knows how to tell what went into the final. When one principal writes about his own agency he will scrupulously mention the others, such as FBI, CIA, NSA, but because he is signing his own paper and because it is on his own letterhead, he finds it unnecessary to include his own agency, such as DIA, except perhaps for a perfunctory comment or the more or less informal reference to his boss or other principal. Thus a very educated guess at the true authorship of the "Huston" document leads one to assign original authorship to the DIA with some additions by the CIA.

If this reading is correct, the Huston memo leads us to the main links between the intelligence community and the White House. The memo directly involves Nixon. He admitted approving it. It directly involves Helms. He was the approving DCI. And it also must directly have involved Melvin Laird. Although his role in this action has been obscure and somewhat overlooked, as Secretary of Defense at the time the memo was approved there is no way Laird could not have been involved when

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major subordinate elements of the DOD, such as the Army and the DIA, were involved. And furthermore, whenever such subjects as this one are processed, only a limited number of people work on it, and only the Secretary or his deputy would have had the right to approve it once it had been prepared to leave the Pentagon for delivery to the White House. No one would have dared go around that system. Since Laird did nothing to stop this paper from going to the White House, he–like Helms–gave at least his tacit approval.

Alexander Haig, who owes much of his career to his CIA connection, is now the President's chief of staff. He has been most influential in encouraging Nixon to take a hard line on Watergate. Melvin Laird, who evidently gave his approval to the Huston plan, is currently Nixon's chief advisor on domestic affairs. Richard Helms remains in charge of our operations in Iran, and dirty trickster William Colby has taken over at CIA headquarters itself. The presence of all these men in high places in the Nixon administration, plus the fact that the Huston plan itself was never formally rescinded (and a plan of such magnitude, involving several agencies as well as the White House, could hardly be rescinded by word of mouth) all suggests that the intelligence community's influence over the White House is greater after the Watergate upheaval than ever before.

["ONCE A SPY . . ."]

At this point it may be speculation to attribute to the domestic intelligence plan more than can be read in those papers released to date. But the same White House group which fostered that plan was the sponsor of Watergate in all its ramifications. And one of the telling features of the Watergate episode is that it drew together a number of CIA personnel–past and present.

The U.S. Marines have always boasted, "There are no ex-Marines. Once a Marine always a Marine." In the FBI of Hoover's day one would hear the same sentiment. Although the CIA does not make this boast publicly, it is in fact true that once a man joins the CIA, volunteers to go through its super-secret training, is branded by the black box (polygraph) and serves in areas of deep secrecy through a long and perilous career–he never leaves the CIA. Though he may sever his service by formal retirement, let him suffer from a mental illness or fall into the habit of drinking or develop some other compromising environment or infirmity, and the CIA will show up to see that he does not stray from the narrow path.

What is tradition to the Marines is a law with the CIA, and it has been upheld by the courts. A man may leave physically, but let him decide to write about his experiences and he finds out all too soon that he has not actually severed his ties with the Agency. Recall that the Agency has obtained an injunction against Victor Marchetti to keep him from writing for at least the next 15 years. Consider the implications of such a legal decision in the case of something like Watergate. Are these men–the Hunts, McCords, and the Cubans–really former CIA men or are they still subject to the orders of the CIA? The CIA would like to have it one way, and then to have it overlooked the other way.

Therefore when a former high-ranking member of the CIA–Hunt–is uncovered in the Watergate, when it is discovered that he had employed his old Cuban associates from an earlier decade, and when it is learned that he had no trouble at all getting active and willing assistance from the CIA for his most unusual capers, one may be excused for believing that the CIA did indeed participate–even from behind the scenes–in these prohibited and illegal domestic activities, despite claims to the contrary.

Although many of the loose ends remain to be investigated, there must have been some active relationship during the past decade between the Cubans and Howard Hunt–or whoever it was who brought them together again after 11 years–to explain their ready availability for participation in the Watergate and Ellsberg affairs. If one may judge from the amount of money given to Barker alone during this period, and from the even greater amount raised and expended to pay all of these men after their capture, they must be much more valuable to someone than their participation in Watergate alone would warrant.

[IF NIXON DIDN'T KNOW . . .]

Through all of this there is one most alarming and portentous theme. President Nixon has said that he did not know anything about the Watergate. It is hardly important whether he knew about the single break-in by those men on that night; but it is of extreme importance if what he says really means that he was totally unaware of the whole thing from the early Liddy-Segretti plans through the coverup. To believe President Nixon one must then admit that there are men of great authority and of great responsibility at the very top of our government who took it upon themselves to carry out these political schemes, to use the CIA and the FBI, and to become a government unto themselves.

It would be a grave turn of events to learn that President Nixon did know and did endorse and participate in Watergate. It would be much worse to find out that he did not know anything about it: that would mean things have gotten so far out of hand that those men whom he trusted and who were running the White House and its political and governmental activities did so without his knowledge and approval.

This suggests a certain line of speculation. In the July 1973 issue of *The Atlantic*, Leo Janos writes about some of his last conversations with Lyndon B. Johnson. In a remarkable few lines on the subject of the JFK assassination Janos quotes LBJ as saying, "I never believed that Oswald acted alone, although I can accept that he pulled the trigger." Johnson told Janos that he believed the assassination in Dallas was part of a conspiracy, and that he rejected the verdict of the Warren Commission Report.

In view of the strange events surrounding Watergate, this statement of LBJ's takes on special significance. Why did Johnson not publicly state that he disagreed with the report? Could it have been that the same conspiracy that he believed killed Kennedy also held him, the President of the United States, in its power?

Looking back to President Eisenhower's term, we recall that the four-power Paris Summit Conference scheduled for May, 1960, was

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shattered by the crash of Gary Powers' U-2 spy plane in the heart of Russia two weeks before. The chances are good that the flight and the loss of this aircraft at that crucial time were also part of a conspiracy.

At the time the U-2 incident occurred, I was working on aerial surveillance over China. We had received presidential orders to discontinue overflights during that pre-summit period. Most likely the same orders applied to flights over Russia. Yet someone must have ordered the fatal U-2 flight.

Furthermore, when Eisenhower issued his first cover story after the Russians announced they had shot down the plane, he said that it was a weatherplane from a Turkish base. Khrushchev subsequently revealed that the flight originated in Pakistan. Even if Eisenhower were covering up, he would have no reason to lie about the place of origin—unless he was deliberately misinformed. Someone, it may be, had deliberately embarrassed President Eisenhower, and wrecked the summit.

This was no small matter. If Eisenhower did not know about the U-2 conspiracy, Kennedy very likely ran afoul of a deeper conspiracy, as LBJ's ambiguous statement suggests. It resulted in his death. In other words, for attempting to control whatever it was that challenged him, he too was overruled—by a gun. And then LBJ could not openly confront the issue of the Warren Commission Report. This coupled with his unusual and most uncharacteristic withdrawal from the reelection race may have signaled his inability to cope with this overwhelming power. And now President Nixon claims that he did not know about Watergate. If that is so, then what is the power that has brought Nixon, like his predecessors, such unexpected grief?

A look at the power and the history of the 15 years lying behind Watergate—at the CIA and the espionage establishment tied to Gordon Liddy's bungling burglars and the bright young men who proposed Gestapo-like plans for the White House—suggests that there was indeed a conspiracy—possibly one whose reach extended beyond CREEP and even the White House itself. Eisenhower predicted we would have trouble with the vast contending powers in this country. He was right. ■

POLICE POLITICS

(From page 27)

1968 and a host of student demonstrations in which we saw young people beaten by the police."

Immediately, Foundation staffers began looking for police departments amenable to experimentation where the Ford money might do the most "good." The idea was to provide funds and expertise and political support for change that could be emulated by police around the country. Dallas, Dayton, Detroit, and Cincinnati were early possibilities. So was Kansas City, and Furstenberg and Kiley flew out to interview Police Chief Clarence Kelley.

Furstenberg was enthralled. "It was a very unusual department," he said, "a high technology department, with helicopters and a computer system—but it wasn't technocratic. Kelley loved to shake things up; he'd put very young men in middle-level positions. It wasn't a 'military' department."

"Kansas City became a showcase department of the Police Foundation," Furstenberg said. By the time Kelley was appointed head of the FBI this year, his department had been granted almost $665,000 by the Foundation, just behind Cincinnati and Dallas in total grant money.

Kelley remained a favorite of Furstenberg's and Rogovin's, although at one time—for reasons of internal Foundation politics—Kiley seemed to prefer Cincinnati's force. When Nixon's latest attorney general, Elliott Richardson, set about to look for an FBI director, he called Rogovin—his onetime assistant in the Massachusetts justice department—who recommended Kelley for the job. Richardson's administrative assistant in Washington, Jonathan Moore, checked out Kelley with Furstenberg and got a similarly enthusiastic response.

"I first came across Clarence when I was at the Crime Commission in the late '60s," Rogovin told me. "Then at the Police Foundation I went out to Kansas City and talked with Kelley. I emerged very impressed with his innovations. He said he wanted to test that holy of holies in the police field, the preventive patrol, the proposition that random movement of police through an area deters crime. Kelley's feeling was that change would only come if his own people were involved at the bottom; change wouldn't come from the top, from a lot of fancy consultants. He was practical but really innovative."

Kelley represents one of those reform archetypes that foundations find so attractive: the practical-but-innovative ideal. He is one of a coterie of police chiefs-with-hearts-of-gold that the Police Foundation organized, more or less, into a functional model of police reform. Money, manpower and political resources were then put behind that model and Ford's way of reformism was delineated.

[ON THE ALERT]

Closer examination of Kelley's policing policies in Kansas City indicate that the reformers were somewhat too enthusiastic at first blush. An ex-FBI agent, Kelley is more a traditionalist than the liberal experts like to admit. His rough handling of the black rebellion in Kansas City six years ago earned him the undying enmity of even moderate black leaders in that city. "Kelley's conventional in many ways," Furstenberg said not long ago. "There's all that crime-fighting crap. And he handled the '67 riot in '67 ways, to protect life and property, and so forth. He spread gas. We don't believe in it any more, and he's said as much, too."

Kelley also made Kansas City the leader in the computerization of police information. ALERT—the data retrieval and information storage system—is supposed to help policemen pick up fugitives and guard themselves against potential assaulters. But ALERT's databank includes lists of "activists" and "militants" with no reason other than activism or militancy for inclusion. Other names are listed as "suspected" narcotics users or sexual "deviants" even though there is no record of conviction for any crime.

Police Foundation reformers are mildly annoyed by Kelley's reliance on

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technology. But his experiments with patrolling and other organizational reforms to "shake up" the administration and operation of the Kansas City force fits the Foundation's general theory of policing. Foundation people I spoke with generally dislike both the Los Angeles Police's robotoid hyper-efficiency and the Eastern big-city cops' corrupt laziness. Foundation projects now are directed at studying the role of women in policing (small), the problems of strict civil service regulations, personnel hiring standards, and the phenomenon of police violence. Some money goes to universities, which are slipping into involvement in the internal security field as they did in foreign affairs a decade or more ago. For example, a "working group" at Arizona State University got $267,000 from the Police Foundation "to help police departments develop and implement law enforcement policies and rules." The project director was Gerald M. Caplan. He was recently appointed director of the LEAA's Law Enforcement Institute.

As the Police Foundation began its work, two camps developed with some ideological distinction between them. Rogovin told me he wanted "something that never existed before—the development of national police policy direction without a national police thought-boss." He said he believed the Foundation "should be using its resources outside police departments to stimulate change," with more university programs, inter-departmental functions, national "image-making" projects. "The Board wanted to work with local police," Rogovin said sadly. He left the Foundation and Ford paid him $25,000 to "ease" the transition.

"Charlie was just trying to snow us," one Police Foundation Board member told me confidentially. "He was giving us a lot of crap. He never knew when to shut up. You just cannot horseshit a group like that. Murphy has done more in two months than we've done in the past three years. We've got *programs* now," the Board member said proudly. He added that Rogovin was, in effect, fired.

The Ford Foundation counts as one of its lasting achievements the development of "urban reform" as a major social priority. The Foundation's "Gray Areas" project of the late '50s and early '60s is considered by some to be the forerunner of the New Frontier, the Great Society and the War on Poverty. Gray Areas "discovered" Mayor Richard C. Lee of New Haven—as the Police Foundation found Clarence Kelley—and put in millions of dollars, national publicity and political clout to establish Lee's urban renewal and community action program as a model for national policy. Lee, by the way, remains a Ford cadre; now retired as mayor, he's on the Board of the Police Foundation.

Lee agrees that the Foundation is a new analogue to the Gray Areas project. "Gray Areas put input into the cities," he said. "The New Frontier was based on it, even though it only lasted five or six years." So the notion persists that a large and powerful private institution, staffed by the most energetic exponents of liberal reform, can change national social policy. Indeed, the notion is at the base of the distribution system of the Ford Foundation's billions.

[LAW ENFORCEMENT ASSISTANCE ADMINISTRATION]

There is no impounding going on in the LEAA. In fact, the huge government police secretariat is the only Washington agency registering consistent increases in budget and expenditure for new programs. While health, education and welfare workers despair of keeping their local offices open with funds from their own departments, any police department with a yen for an armored car, a computer or a personnel expansion program can get LEAA help. Now, the health and welfare people are thinking of ways they can qualify for "law enforcement" grants, too. Rapidly, LEAA funds—and control—are entering schools, mental health centers, welfare offices, and making them even more like police institutions. The LEAA began as a modest federal proposal to improve the ability of police to handle ghetto uprisings. The forerunner office was set up one week after the Watts rebellion. Two years later, an extensive and powerful constituency for national police assistance had developed. It was able to pass the enormously expanded program called the "Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act."

Passage of that legislation signalled recognition that the War on Poverty had ended, that crime-in-the-streets was now considered a political problem, that muggings and riots and student demonstrations were part of the same problem of control. The solution lay with the police, not with the welfare agencies, the schools or the civil rights enforcers.

Ramsey Clark, who was attorney general at the time the crime bill was passed, is even more depressed now than he was then about the whole business:

"The LEAA came out of the law and order hysteria," he recalls. "Crime was supposed to be an urban phenomenon, and the cities had no tax base to provide the police services necessary to fight crime. So LEAA was supposed to provide resources and priorities. But the idea was corrupted in the Act itself; we lost the power to give block grants to cities and states, and they wrote in a provision that 25 percent of the grants had to go for riot control."

"They," Clark explained, were "the Southern conservatives with a heavy racist involvement. I wanted 25 percent of the grants for corrections, but we got very little. We had said that buying more hardware for "police departments would be worse than doing nothing, and now the emphasis is on hardware."

Now, a billion and a half dollars later, the LEAA is primarily a hardware pusher, dealing helicopters, computers, armored cars and any number of sophisticated weapons systems to local police. But the headlong rush of the LEAA into technology and the more illiberal kinds of "reform" at least provides a pole for the liberal reformers—the Police Foundation and the Vera Foundation, to take two examples—to play against. At last they have to be taken together, and when they are, they constitute the available ideologies for long-range re-tracking of the police machine.

[PLUMBERS AND OTHERS]

The long range is too long for many denizens of the caverns of national security. The gnomes of Pennsylvania Avenue—those who crawl

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the heating tunnels between the FBI building, the Treasury, the White House, and the Executive Offices—believe, like their overground counterparts, that existing police operations are unequal to the task of controlling social disorder. But their attack is naturally more acute.

The most extreme reaction was the formation of Nixon's Plumbing Company—or Companies—in the wake of widespread White House distrust of J. Edgar Hoover, local police, and other law enforcement agencies dealing with "national security."

The Watergate investigations uncovered some of the activities of Jack Caulfield, whose progress from BOSSI —New York City's "Red Squad"— through the Nixon election campaigns, to the directorship of the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau, makes a nice tale of the politicization of national police operations.

Caulfield helped set up BOSSI's vast political surveillance and filing system, said to be the most extensive of any police department's in the country. Caulfield's fascination with political ops carried into his Treasury Department job (perhaps it was considered a job requirement in the first place), where he apparently used T-men for the campaign to crush the Black Panthers. Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman once criticized Caulfield's T-man takeover of a raid on the Panthers in his city. It is more than likely that Caulfield was active in other cities as well in that period—about 1970.

In the late election of the President, of course, Caulfield and his New York Police colleague Tony Ulasewicz carried the BOSSI methods to more sensational extremes. Now, the New York Police are investigating the probability that the two used BOSSI files and sources to carry out Nixon campaign spying. Earlier this year, New York Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy—under attack in court by the New York Civil Liberties Union—made public a 46-page manual on political intelligence in the NYPD which listed the dozens of federal, state and city agencies which "share" political information. Later, in his Senate Watergate testimony, Ulasewicz admitted that while he did not have the kind of "access" to those files that would allow him to walk in and take them out, he could easily make a telephone call to "a friend" and get any information he needed.

No doubt more plumbing will be exposed. What's important about the development of that trade as a commonplace kind of operation is its implication for nationalizing police policy. The plumbers and their colleagues were in effect a national security police. Not only did they transgress all kinds of jurisdictional boundaries and accountability rules: they also helped build a network of shared information and covert operations, employing local and federal agencies on a functional basis. Despite all the fears, the FBI and the CIA had never done as well.

* * *

Crime is big business in America. It feeds policemen, social workers, parole officers, prison guards, weapons makers, lawyers, doctors, psychiatrists, judges, juries, secretaries, reporters, academicians, rehabilitators, data bankers, security systems manufacturers and operators ... and everybody between and around. Seen one way, the country would fall apart without crime: economically and perhaps sociologically it is the only cohesive force in a disintegrating era.

Not only the intellectuals or the Left see crime as a political problem and criminals as political enemies. Articulated or not, that perception has spread into the heads of most of the managers of social policy and the directors of social reform. In one way or another, it is a perception shared in the CIA, the Police Foundation, the LEAA and the White House basement.

If crime is political, so is crime control and policing. To reform the police—to make their control function efficient once again—is a critical issue for the appointed and self-appointed social managers. Careers are made and unmade on reform politics, but even more is at stake: the system of state security upon which government now rests. To reform the police has become a major task for managerial liberalism, that political methodology which was applied to racial segregation, poverty, and youth alienation in the '60s with such depressing results. As things are going, the reform managers are not doing much better with crime and disorder, and already a battle is shaping up over the next set of priorities.

"I wouldn't be surprised," a Washington watcher of social reform mused one sticky day last July, "if the Ford Foundation announced it was establishing a Mind Foundation with a $100 million grant to reform everybody's brain. They might even call it the new 'gray areas' program." ■

C. ARNHOLT SMITH

(From page 35)

put on a catered dinner for 24 relatives and friends in the prison's main visiting room. C. Arnholt Smith flew up loyally once a week; Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty stopped by, as did former California governor Pat Brown and San Diego Congressman Bob Wilson, who talked to the supervisors at Lompoc and promised Alessio an early parole. The guards and administrators liked their amiable, generous inmate. John Alessio's word was enough to stand them free dinner and entertainment at the Kona Kai; one earned a big discount on a trailer he bought from Alessio's trucking firm; others tasted the salt spray on the deck of C. Arnholt's yacht as it took them cruising around the bay.

But John Alessio never got his parole. A fellow prisoner got angry at the persistent attentions Alessio paid to his visiting daughter and squealed. The *Los Angeles Times* picked up the story and the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Section began an investigation into John Alessio's freewheeling prison life. After nine months three sets of indictments were handed down by a Federal Grand Jury in Los Angeles. Alessio spent his remaining year in prison at less hospitable McNeil Island in Washington.

[THE POLITICS OF CORRUPTION]

The union of the Alessio and Westgate-California corporations in 1964 formalized more than a long standing business engagement. For years the partners had practiced the principles of "lay off" betting in their political choices—until recently Alessio backed Democrats, while Smith covered the Republican side.

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Alessio, for instance, developed a most rewarding relationship with Democratic governor Pat Brown.

Smith, meanwhile, kept his eye on up-and-coming young Republicans, such as a young congressman from Whittier he spotted in the late Forties. As Nixon pursued Alger Hiss with all the harpies of his cold-sweat American Dream, the GOP moneymen of Southern California took notice. The Republican manager of Whittier's Bank of America had first opened the door to a political career. And it was a Republican banker in San Diego who became one of Nixon's first, most loyal backers. C. Arnholt Smith knew how to nudge the shoals of self-doubt, insecurity, smalltown prejudice and resentment in the plain, plodding congressman. Often he and Nixon would meet and trade advice at a popular downtown San Diego delicatessen. And less than two decades later Smith's faith was rewarded as his new wife breathlessly recounted their conversation with the 1968 GOP candidate for President: "They were telling us," she recalled at the delegates' conclave in Miami, "that we would be their first guests in the White House."

As Nixon progressed to Senator, Vice President, wealthy Wall Street lawyer and President, Smith solidified his control over San Diego's Republican machine. The city and county fell agreeably in line. Smith's GOP loyalty, though, was never blind—it had a way of dissipating when it clashed with more important matters. In 1958 he backed Democrat Bert Betts for state controller. And after Betts got into office, Smith had a modest explanation for the sudden jump from $813,000 to $15.6 million in state deposits held by the USNB: "He appreciated what we had done for him and he reciprocated." Betts' thoughtfulness made USNB California's second largest depository of state funds. Alessio, too, faced by the "tax problem," switched political horses in 1968, contributing $26,000 to Nixon's campaign and raising many thousands more—an act of faith that earned him an invitation to attend the Inaugural Ball in Washington as a privileged guest.

Smith and his politician friends have pulled through some close legal scrapes together, such as the Yellow Cab scandal. In 1970 a San Diego County Grand Jury indicted San Diego Mayor Curran and practically all of the City Council for taking bribes in exchange for a big boost in taxi fares. At the same time David Stutz, the IRS special agent, sought prosecution of Smith and the president of Smith-controlled Yellow Cab, as well as of Frank Thornton, Vice-President of the Smith-owned Barnes/Champ advertising agency. Stutz accused Smith and Thornton of making false corporate tax returns, and conspiring to violate the Corrupt Practices Act.

The evidence showed that Barnes/Champ was the tap and Thornton the spigot which sent money and favors lapping around the San Diego Police Department, local public officials and Richard Nixon. Charlie Pratt, the president of Yellow Cab, testified that he had given Curran $3,500 to get the fare increase. Pratt explained how he would receive the money from Thornton and deposit it in a trust account held by a former San Diego Democratic Party wheel, John Donnelley; in turn, Donnelley would make out the checks for Pratt on request. Barnes/Champ, it was shown, would send bills for fictitious services to a number of other firms owned by Smith—the bills would be paid, the books balanced, the money went into the Nixon campaign kitty.

Because of the problems of the Alessio brothers, Nixon's election had been more than an excursion of sentiment; the seepage from the Justice-IRS investigations into the County and State Attorney General's office could be damped only by a friendly Republican U.S. Attorney. And the man Nixon appointed shortly after his election was Harry Steward, a zealous GOP fundraiser in San Diego who had worked closely during the previous presidential campaign with Smith's political *alter ego,* Frank Thornton. As the new U.S. Attorney, Steward was soon faced with the question of a subpoena for Thornton concerning his part in the illegal fundraising scheme. But after pleading in vain with IRS agent Stutz to leave Barnes/Champ alone, Steward refused to serve it. And when he was subsequently charged with obstructing justice, Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst quickly "evaluated the matter"—to the satisfaction of Steward, Smith and Thornton. The long arm reached out from Washington again in the trial of Mayor Curran and his City Council members; it took a letter from John Dean invoking "executive privilege" to keep agent Stutz from testifying to the bribery charges. Curran was acquitted, and amidst the jubilation at City Hall came a call from San Clemente. Nixon sympathized with Curran, then president of the National League of Cities. "We in public life," Nixon complained, "take a lot of knocks."

[GANGSTER HOSPITALITY]

By 1964 huge amounts of cash were flowing into Northern San Diego County. A land boom got under way, much of it fed by Syndicate loans from the Teamster Pension Fund. Morris "Moe" Dalitz, longtime head of the Cleveland Syndicate and owner of Las Vegas' Desert Inn, moved into the swank, exclusive Rancho LaCosta, a cluster of hightone, natural-wood condominium-hotels nestled in the hills just off Highway 5 between San Diego and San Clemente.

Among Rancho LaCosta's charter members were John Alessio and publisher James Copley. As Dalitz continued to expand his development with at least $46 million in Teamster money, Rancho LaCosta became the choice site for hush-hush cabals, a secluded compound where the new-money satraps could pace in private and mull over their concerns. Their foregatherings were discreet, but an unusual cross-section of guests, even for Dalitz's domain, was seen moving over LaCosta's in-house security screens during the weekend of last February 10—the shaded projections of Teamster boss Frank Fitzsimmons, a clutch of Syndicate wheels, John Ehrlichman, Bob Haldeman and John Dean; Fitzsimmons could be seen talking at the bar to a man thought to be a national crime syndicate representative while Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Dean were in a room nearby, thrashing out the Watergate coverup. Afterwards, Fitzsimmons moved out of sight to nearby San Clemente, flying back East with Richard Nixon aboard Air Force One.

The conjunction of mafiosos and Teamster leaders in the neighborhood

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of the Western White House followed a path that had been well trod elsewhere in the U.S., particularly along the rim of Sunbelt states from Southern California to Florida. Teamster money has long since moved close on the heels of the Syndicate chiefs; the union's Central and Southwest States Pension Fund goes where the smart money goes—author Hank Messick (*Lansky, John Edgar Hoover*) calls it the "Reconstruction Finance Corporation of Organized Crime."

Originally the creation of Chicago union racketeer "Red" Paul Dorfman, the Pension Fund reached its present form under the guidance of Jimmy Hoffa and "Red's" son, Allen. Teamster Pension Fund money has financed the building of casinos in Las Vegas and the Bahamas and thrown up acres of real estate in Southern Florida. In San Diego an estimated $250 million in Teamster loans has gone to local builder and casino owner Irvin Kahn, the man behind University City and Los Penasquitos, one of the largest real estate developments in the country which will house more than 150,000 people.

Locally, Kahn obtained the services of John A. Donnelley, who was Dalitz's local legal whiz and administered the pay-offs in the Barnes/Champ scandal. Donnelley had sailed out of Local Democratic Party politics a decade earlier to become Secretary-Treasurer at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas; he returned to the legal affairs of Moe Dalitz and the LaCosta group, as well as of Hughes' Air West and Kahn's huge University City development. And in July in this year, Donnelley was appointed to the board of none other than C. Arnholt Smith's Westgate-California corporation.

[A FRIEND OF THE WORKING MAN]

Smith's own rapport with the local Syndicate chiefs has been wrapped in discretion; his relations with Teamster leaders have been less disguised. With interests in ground transportation through cab and truck fleets, in real estate and in banking, his friendship with the union bosses has been a matter of ardent cultivation. In *The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa,* author Walter Sheridan quotes an intermediary in the attempt to get Hoffa out of jail, boasting about his access to Nixon through C. Arnholt Smith and Treasury Secretary John Connally. Hoffa's successor, Frank Fitzsimmons, enjoys a similar esteem from San Diego's number one citizen. Smith's U.S. National Bank has reportedly handled at least $10 million of Fitzsimmon's Central States Pension Fund, although bank officials deny this.

Fitzsimmons' Teamster Pension Fund business frequently takes him to the San Diego area, where his comminglings are confined to the same circuits as those traveled by the city's ruling elite. On May 4 of this year he and C. Arnholt Smith shared a $50-a-plate-dinner platform for Fitzsimmons' favorite charity, the Children's Asthma Research Institute. In the plush-padded lap of the Kona Kai, where the function was held, Fitzsimmons spoke and C. Arnholt Smith, the charity's honorary chairman, listened. Among those in the audience were Dave Beck, the former West Coast racketeer and Teamster president who was recently relieved from having to pay the government $1.4 million in back taxes, and Irvin Kahn, casino owner and local builder who builds with Teamster Pension Fund money.

The glow of bonhommie that surrounded the $50 plates at the Kona Kai made a contrast to the angry gathering outside, a demonstration of United Farm Workers members against Teamster union-busting in the San Joaquin Valley. The pickets rattling against Teamster goons and bosses concerned Smith, as it did Fitzsimmons. The largest non-corporate landholder in the San Joaquin Valley was the 130,000-acre Roberts Farms, employing a total of 2,500 workers on its major holdings near Delano and on others ranged throughout the area. Smith's stake in this spread came via Hollis Roberts, a rotund Dust Bowl native with an unlimited line of credit at the USNB. Near bankruptcy in 1965, Roberts Farms was put back on its feet as part of a variety of Smith land-syndicates valued at a net worth of $125 million. The surge of UFW power three years ago forced Roberts to sign up with Cesar Chavez, but he recently went back with the Teamsters—whose Pension Fund money has been well-seeded through the USNB accounts.

Through Roberts, Smith's voice runs quietly beneath the battle clamor in the Valley where the other landholders remember how he and Thornton organized the campaign which won Proposition 7, the issue of State Bonds to pipe water from Northern California to the San Joaquin. The reluctance of California Attorney General Evelle Younger to deal with the strongarm Teamster harassment of the Farm Workers has been no mystery to Smith; almost all of Younger's 1971 campaign money from San Diego County—close to $40,000—came from the special tap at Barnes/Champ. With Younger becalmed in Sacramento, one other flank of the San Joaquin Valley was covered when Nixon appointed Hollis Roberts to the Agricultural Advisory Board—upon the recommendation of C. Arnholt Smith.

[THE FRONT MEN]

Hollis Roberts was one of the "front men" in the small platoon that has brought Smith a wealth of corporate and political plums. Another redoubtable member of this squad was the Master of Ceremonies at Fitzsimmons' charity gala on May 4, who also happened to own the Kona Kai Club where the function was held; a well-known figure to Teamster honchos and a frequent visitor at Rancho LaCosta, a vice president of USNB, a former bookie and delicatessen operator, Lew Lipton was also the lieutenant who handled all of Smith's financial dealings with the Teamsters; Lipton was Kahn's contact man and Smith's plenipotentiary in Syndicate relations.

Lew Lipton has been a "character" on the San Diego scene since well before World War II; convicted in 1938 under the alias of Felix Aguilar, it was Lipton's name, along with Alessio's, that Federal crime fighters kept stumbling over each time they ventured a foray on the West Coast. Lipton's Delicatessen in downtown San Diego boasted a motley crew while it lasted—gamblers, gangsters, cops, judges, lawyers, bookies, goons, bank execs, hotshot entrepreneurs, a fraternal conclave on neutral grounds of those serving the law and those beyond it. C. Arnholt Smith introduced Nixon to the place; the young

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congressman would eat open-eyed and watch the shakers and movers.

Smith liked the way Lipton operated. An agreement was reached. Lipton clearly recalls what he knew about banking at the time of his recruitment by Smith: "I never done it, and he put me at a desk and didn't introduce me. He said, 'Stay there' . . . And they made me an assistant vice president, and then in five months, vice president. . . ."

The informality of his appointment carried over in Lipton's style of banking. It was breezy, he took things as they came. His area of expertise, "Business Development," was wide enough to confound definition of his connections in the underworld and with labor racketeers. Lipton was busy outside the bank as well; in 1966 he occupied a strategic position on the 22nd Agricultural Board, which had jurisdiction over the Del Mar Race Track, and he helped swing John Alessio's short-lived lease on the property. The Attorney General's report which finally rejected the bid and took the lease away quoted Lipton as worshipping "Mr. Alessio's Midas Touch."

And then there is M. J. "Mike" Coen of Kansas City. In the avalanche of stockholders' suits and SEC indictments that has descended on Westgate and USNB, C. Arnholt Smith is mentioned most commonly in conjunction with Coen, a big, strapping, backslapping Midwesterner with longstanding ties to the Dallas oil group of Clint Murchison, Jr. Coen and his First California Corporation have been named in at least two civil suits as well as in the May 31, 1973 SEC action against Smith. But in Kansas City the magic of his name and the wonder of his doings die hard; Coen's troubles, the *Kansas City Star* spoke up bitterly, are "all C. Arnholt Smith's fault."

Coen's favorite activity was raiding corporations, selling stocks, juggling assets, buying, dissolving, merging, cleaning up—with a platoon of accountants and lawyers standing by to make it all look good on paper. But despite the wide range of his activities, Coen has always stayed close to C. Arnholt Smith; since 1962 he has been involved in some two dozen transactions with Westgate-California and the United States National Bank. The rudiments of the operation involved an arrangement of front men selling assets and buying them with loans from the United States National Bank. At one time or another, Coen has alternately owned himself, or through subsidiaries, part or all of Smith's tuna fleets, Yellow Cabs, Aero Commuter (later Golden West Airlines), Barnes/Champ Advertising, Golconda Corporation (silver mining, restaurant equipment, pressure valves), San Luis Rey Estates (a luxury housing development bordering Rancho LaCosta), and a handful of other assets from Smith's private cookie jar. With ownership alternating inside a closed group of "self-dealers," the same companies have at other times been in the hands of "Black Jack" Smith, Alessio, C. Arnholt, Hollis Roberts, relatives and trusted friends. Since almost all of the companies being passed around were stock-issuing public corporations, the operations of this charmed circle served to leach profits which would have normally surfaced in increased shareholders' dividends.

"Self-dealing" represents the final levitation of capitalism from its material base, the ultimate divorce of product from profit. The civil suits and SEC indictment of Smith and associates list over 35 such deals, involving well over 50 different corporations and an estimated $20 million in "misappropriated" funds. In one of the "paper" deals cited, Coen bought a tuna fleet from Westgate, then turned it back to the same corporation for a cool $5 million profit. It was a neat scheme, and it netted a fortune for Smith and his business associates. But those days are over now.

[THE CHICKENS COME HOME . . .]

When John Alessio was released from prison last May, he found his ancient business partner beset by the ague of a grizzled pirate. The time had come. It was dog eat dog. In the end the System played no favorites, there were no rules, and the behemoths that had grown fat on the turf of others would be devoured in turn. Nixon was whirling in the sluices of the Watergate. And by August, C. Arnholt Smith was moaning, "The people who have supported the President the last eight years are targeted and singled out by those damn bureaucratic agencies." Just as Nixon's troubles had been brought on by the inner destructive drive of the System, so the indictments and suits that had been loosened against Smith were the instruments by which new powers were raised to take his place. The System was getting a change of oil, a fresh lubricant that would grind the gears even faster.

The SEC action had caught Smith "short," the stakes to his treasure scattered: the myriad deals with Coen, Roberts, Lipton and other fronts had left him with an unknown amount of cash on "loan" without collateral. The racket of selling assets and buying them with USNB loans could involve far more than the estimated $20 million, as much as $100 million. Blinds were being drawn in the house of many rooms. There were rumbles in the ranks and Lew Lipton, the vice president of Business Development, had a punchout in the bank's coffee room with the vice president of Marketing who had said he was leaving the "sinking ship."

For a while the SEC had suspended Smith from trading stock in Westgate and its affiliates. In the spring Smith was scrambling to cover himself. Without success he tried to withdraw $50 million from an account at Barclay's Bank in London. Through Hollis Roberts he managed to unload 30,000 acres of land for some $44 million. He arranged to sell the Padres to a Washington, D.C. group for $12.5 million, although that may be delayed by Smith's legal troubles. He removed himself from the official positions in the bank and Westgate, filling them with handpicked veterans of the old "self-dealing" days. And he engaged Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander, Nixon's former New York law firm.

C. Arnholt Smith was 74 years old, and fledgling tycoons with newer, crispier money were rattling the gates. The noise reached him, but he was powerless. The city machinery was slipping from his hands. The new contenders were two fast-food entrepreneurs, Bob Peterson and Richard Silberman, reform Democrats, who would blunt Smith's rough edges and ingratiate their power more subtly; they had made their fortune with Jack-in-the-Box drive-ins and now controlled Southern California's First

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National Bank, San Diego's second largest. There was a new mayor, a new D.A., and soon a new U.S. Attorney. Smith had no institutionalized wealth like the Rockefellers or the Mellons. He had come up scavenging, and it seemed that he would leave the same way. The IRS saw the straws in the wind and heard the rumors that he was salvaging what he could to live out his life in self-banishment abroad. In an effort to keep hold of him, the agency slapped him with a huge tax lien. A year before, he could have avoided such humiliation. But now his Washington benefactors, caught in the Watergate spotlight, were beyond helping him.

For years, Smith had controlled his turf. He had been the fastest gun in Southern California, fighting off federal agents and young upstarts alike. But the frontier fights a losing battle against the encroaching larger society, and C. Arnholt Smith is condemned to live out his days in constant defense of his reputation and his gains. Whatever the outcome—and Smith has survived some tough scrapes before—he leaves his mark on San Diego: the place where Richard Nixon wanted the 1972 convention because it was, he said, "my lucky city." ■

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SECRET ARMY

(From page 36)

that may help." Then his address, phone number, and car license were given, plus a physical description. "Now, in case any of you don't believe in hitting people who wear glasses, to be fair, I guess we will have to tell you he wears contact lenses."

On January 6, 1972, cross-hair stickers (the symbol of the SAO) were placed on the doors of three San Diego State College professors, including Bohmer. Then, an anonymous caller telephoned Bohmer's residence to say, "This time we left a sticker, next time we may leave a grenade. This is the SAO." Bohmer's friends were called and told to say goodbye to him. That evening, two shots were fired into Bohmer's home and a woman named Paula Tharp was wounded.

The right-wing terror campaign continued for six more months, marked by death threats, menacing phone calls, and warning messages. Its climax came on June 19, 1972, when an SAO member bombed a local porno movie house, the Guild Theatre. This last event finally aroused the San Diego police to drive the group underground.

Police action brought a halt, at least temporarily, to right-wing terrorism in San Diego. But this is not the end of the tale. For in the months that followed a very bizarre story began to unravel, one which involved the SAO, the FBI, and some mysterious contacts between the terrorists and agents of CREEP. The pieces began to appear as early as mid-1972, but it is only in recent months that they have been pulled together by reporters for another San Diego alternative newspaper, the *Door*.

[SECRET ARMY–USA]

The SAO, it seems, grew out of the demise of the Minutemen. According to a recently discovered document entitled "History of the Secret Army Organization," it all began one morning in February, 1970, when ". . . a group of six Minutemen leaders from four states met secretly in Northern Arizona to discuss the crisis that the arrest and imprisonment of two top Minutemen leaders and the assassination of a third had brought on the organization. Although some of these men had met before in their roles as Minutemen group leaders, others were meeting for the first time." These men agreed that "the Minutemen as a national coordination organization of militant right wing groups had effectively been destroyed by the pro-communist elements inside the Justice Department," and they further agreed that the need for a coordinating organization was greater than ever "in view of the increased revolutionary activity by communists in the United States." The new organization was the Secret Army Organization, and it would save America from its leftward drift under Nixon's regime.

The initial SAO documents speak of the immediate need to set up paramilitary groups to carry on guerrilla warfare, and even open and conventional warfare. A letter from "General Headquarters" dated November 8, 1971, outlines the nature of SAO operations—combat teams, organization, transportation, travel procedures, weapons and equipment, training lessons, intelligence work, security, etc. They say that the country has entered "Stage II": a time when most people still think they can still get along with the government, but "a few real patriots are willing to take part in underground activity." Stage II "will be a time of assassination and counter-assassination, terror and counter terror." It is a period marked by "the communist infiltration and control of the present United States government."

SAO thus set out to wage total resistance to communism, a small band determined to risk all in the struggle for America. Nationwide, the group probably numbered less than 200 members, 30 of whom were active in San Diego county. There the group was founded by two men—Jerry Lynn Davis (Southland Coordinator) and Howard Berry Godfrey (San Diego Commander and Intelligence Officer).

In late 1971 and the first half of 1972 the SAO put out bulletins on how to make booby traps, how to use ammonium nitrate in high explosives, and how to gain forced entry into buildings. (Much of this information was taken from Department of the Army Technical Manuals on "Unconventional Warfare Devices and Techniques.") The San Diego SAO also put out bulletins about local liberals, radicals and anti-war activists, all of whom were lumped together as communists. (These missives went out to a mailing list of 227 names in the area, including a naval commander, a county supervisor, a vice admiral, a Marine Corps brigadier general, a rear admiral, and some San Diego police officers.)

The group was organized into small, semi-autonomous cells. Members were listed by code numbers, and were given mail drops for their contacts.

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[THE FBI CONNECTION]

SAO thrived in San Diego until the June 1972 bombing of the Guild Theatre led to the group's fall from grace. A former Birchite named William Francis Yakopec was arrested and charged with the bombing, and in September 1972, he was brought to trial in the Superior Court of the State of California in San Diego, before Judge Robert W. Conyers. Much to the astonishment of the SAO supporters, the star witness against Yakopec turned out to be San Diego Commander Godfrey. Then a local fireman, Godfrey admitted he had worked for the FBI since early 1967 as an undercover agent. He did it, he said, because "I felt it was my duty to my country." Before accepting the role, he had talked it over with J. Clifford Wallace, then the Stake President of the Mormon Church for San Diego, and more recently a federal judge by appointment of Richard Nixon. Wallace put Godfrey in touch with the FBI, and he was assigned to agent Steve Christianson, to whom he reported verbally every day. Godfrey was to work on the militant right wing, and was paid $250.00 per month by the FBI. At first he was assigned to the Minutemen, and then with the demise of that group in San Diego, he helped start and run the SAO in November 1971. Godfrey testified that his FBI contacts knew all of his activities, including his stockpiling of illegal explosives in his house. This, he said, was done with their permission. (He later gave some of the explosives to Yakopec to "save them for after the Communist takeover of this country.")

Godfrey functioned as a one-man plumbers' operation within the SAO. He knew how to pick locks, burglarize, bomb and handle guns. The FBI paid his dues and covered his expenses. All this enabled him to carry on effectively as a terrorist. At Yakopec's trial, he said that he actively recruited for the group. What kind of people did he look for? "People with previous right wing connections." Did he enlist potentially dangerous elements? "Yes, sir."

Apparently, Godfrey himself was among the more dangerous elements in the SAO, and agent Christianson among the more dangerous *eminences grises* of the operation. During the Yakopec trial, Godfrey admitted that he had driven the car from which another SAO member, George Hoover, had fired into Bohmer's house, wounding Paula Tharp. Subsequently, he had taken the weapon to Christianson, who had hidden it for six months. (This was evidently insufficient grounds for the FBI to take disciplinary action against agent Christianson. He continued as Godfrey's contact until the bombing of the Guild Theatre, at which point he was removed by L. Patrick Gray himself. He currently resides in Kanosh, Utah.)

In addition, Godfrey confessed to publishing a certain leaflet on February 18, 1972, the day on which President Nixon left for China. The bulletin was headlined "Wanted for Treason," and it featured a picture of Nixon and an inflammatory text which accused the President of high treason because of his China policy. The SAO symbol appeared at the bottom of the text, and the group distributed it in 15 cities—including San Diego, Phoenix, Yuma, San Francisco, and Bellingham, Washington.

At the Yakopec trial, Godfrey testified that he had paid the printer for the posters, picked them up, and was reimbursed by the FBI, and that the FBI understood the nature of his expenditures and saw all of his SAO publications. As for poor Yakopec, who had joined the SAO through Godfrey, his next door neighbor, he admitted to owning several of the posters: he said he stored them under his mattress. Why there? "I thought they were kind of corny." Later, he testified that he kept a bomb with the Nixon posters. Did he generally keep bombs under his bed? "No, I like to sleep too well." (When I visited the San Diego Court House to see the exhibit in question, the custodian located a stack of 33 posters, with the bomb casing still attached!)

It was not noted at the time, but in fact these posters bear a remarkable resemblance to leaflets which were distributed in Dallas, Texas, just one or two days prior to the assassination of President Kennedy. That poster likewise bore the headline "Wanted for Treason" and it also featured pictures (front and profile) of JFK and an inflammatory text about the President's allegedly treasonous activities. On the hunch that the leaflet might have some connection with the assassination, the Warren Commission sent Secret Service agents to track down its author and printer. They worked from late November 1963, to May 1964, until they found that Robert G. Klause had printed the flyer and that Robert Allan Surrey, an associate of Gen. Walker, had ordered it. When Surrey testified before the Commission on June 16, 1964, he pled the Fifth Amendment on all questions concerning the leaflet. The late Hale Boggs, a member of the Warren Commission, pointed out that Surrey "is the only witness out of hundreds who has pled the Fifth Amendment." Klause denied any interest in or involvement with the contents of the leaflet, and there the matter was allowed to rest. By that point, the Warren Commission was determined to prove that Oswald had acted alone, and therefore lost interest in trying to connect the assassination with the leaflet.

Godfrey's surfacing as an FBI agent rattled the remnants of the SAO. They were angry at having been set up by the FBI, and when reporters for the *Door* began approaching their old adversaries for information earlier this year, they found that many were willing to cooperate; some were even friendly. And as the SAO began to open up, a pattern began to emerge which seemed to link the San Diego events to Watergate.

[BREAKTHROUGH]

The breakthrough came this spring when an editor of the *Door* made contact with a former SAO militant named Jerry Busch. From November 1969 to the summer of 1971, said Busch, Howard Berry Godfrey made frequent visits to the Gunsmoke Ranch in El Cajon. "It was also during June, July, and August of 1971 that Berry Godfrey and Donald Segretti (posing as 'Don Simms') visited Gunsmoke and though supposedly not 'knowing each other,' they spoke together on at least one occasion," in a quiet conversation aside. The Segretti connection is important in itself; it is particularly interesting insofar as—according to Busch's account—Sergretti was in touch with SAO

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while contacting his old college chums Chapin and Strachan in June 1971, but *before* commencing work as a dirty trickster in September 1971.

Busch did not say what Segretti discussed at the Gunsmoke Ranch, but he did report that following "these casual conversations" Godfrey came up with bizarre ideas to take care of what he called "those red punks"—in the event that the GOP held its convention in San Diego. Among Godfrey's plans in October 1971, were:

1) the use of massive dosages of LSD, cyanide or strychnine introduced into the punch at anti-war group meetings;
2) bombing of the VVAW headquarters, the Guild Theatre, and several porno shops;
3) bombings of the homes or offices of anti-war leaders;
4) kidnapping or assassination of anti-war leaders and activists;
5) fire bombing of vehicles and other property belonging to anti-war activists.

By November and December 1971, Busch continued, Godfrey had become more ambitious: he wanted to acquire drone planes which would carry payloads of high explosives and phosphorus to be dropped on the demonstrators. In addition, Godfrey spoke of using similar air craft, loaded with TNT or C-4 plastique, to blow up Air Force One and assassinate Nixon. The idea was to fly a bomb into the Presidential jet as it landed either at Lindbergh Field or at El Toro Marine Base. Busch claimed that he had expressed horror at the suggestion and told Godfrey he had lost his mind suggesting anything as insane as an attempt on the life of the President. Shortly thereafter, Busch and Godfrey parted ways after the former grew suspicious that he was being set up to take the rap on the shooting of Paula Tharp. By March 1972, he had left San Diego and has not yet returned.

Even before Busch left the SAO, the "Wanted for Treason" leaflet was printed and distributed. Another former SAO member corroborates that in this same period—January-February, 1972—Godfrey tried to find someone to build a plane that would carry a load of high explosives. (In addition, he was apparently trying to obtain another plane for the purpose of gassing or bombing demonstrators on Fiesta Island.) After Busch's departure, the SAO issued its April 1972, bulletin, which began with a quote attributed to Abraham Lincoln, "A tyrant would not come to the United States from across the sea. If he comes, he'll ride down Pennsylvania Avenue from his inauguration and take up legal residence of the White House." Then followed detailed instructions on the manufacture of explosives which might be used to destroy a large bridge (Tackwood's scenario included the demolition of two bridges on and off of Fiesta Island) and on various methods of forced entry into buildings.

[A SINISTER PLOT?]

Was there a right-wing plot to kill the President? Tackwood says so. Busch says that FBI informer Berry Godfrey talked about it. The "Wanted for Treason" poster certainly indicated no loss of love between the extreme right and the President, and Godfrey *was* checking out the availability of drone planes.

There are other curious, if admittedly inconclusive, clues as well: The day Nixon went to China, E. Howard Hunt was working as a public relations man on a Julie Nixon Eisenhower TV spot. He raged about the China trip, "We should not send people to China, we should send bombs to China." This from a man supposedly involved in a secret scheme to re-elect the President by illegal means.

Or take this item which appeared in the March 9, 1972, issue of the *N.Y. Times* (10 days after Nixon's return from China):

WAR ALERT SENT IN HOAX
BY A COAST GUARDSMAN

"New Orleans, March 8 (UPI)—An enlisted man standing watch sent a hoax message to ships at sea during President Nixon's visit to China, saying the President had been assassinated and the Vice President had declared World War III, the Coast Guard revealed yesterday.

"The authorities said that the hoax message had not been taken seriously and that the man who sent it from a small Coast Guard station in Texas had been confined and was undergoing medical evaluation.

"The message was sent February 27 by teletype to 22 ships in the Gulf of Mexico."

There was no further story on this that I have been able to find. If the hoax message had gone out to a Polaris submarine, Hunt might have gotten his wish, that bombs would be sent to China.

Then, the L.A. *Times* reported on July 13, 1973 that a former Minuteman had requested political asylum in Fiji, saying he had secret information on Watergate and feared assassination.

All of this proves nothing, of course, but it suggests that the Dirty Tricks operation may have been much more complex than we have been led to believe. Perhaps there was a plot to kill Nixon, and then again Godfrey's plot may have been a further hoax aimed at discrediting the left and the Democratic Party. What did Segretti discuss with Godfrey, and why and how did he meet Godfrey in the first place? How did it happen that the FBI financed a threat on the life of a President (a crime which carries a penalty of up to five years in jail and a $1,000 fine)? In the past, the Secret Service has taken such threats very seriously. A check of the *New York Times* index shows that at least 11 people were arrested between January, 1972 and May 1973 for doing much less than Godfrey. Most seem to have been psychopaths or drunks, with no positive plan—just verbal threats.

But then there are other instances: Arthur Bremer's Ottawa visit on April 13-14, 1972, for example, when he supposedly stalked Nixon. On May 30, three bombs demolished the tomb of the father of the Shah of Iran an hour before Nixon was scheduled to lay a wreath there. On August 11, a certain A. B. Topping was arrested in New York after paying an undercover agent $1,000 to kill Nixon. Topping, it developed, was well-to-do, of the American Nazi political persuasion, and interested in having the President killed the week after the pay-off. No trial has been held. And then in late May 1973, one of Nixon's helicopters went down in the Bahamas. It subsequently came out that the President has three helicopters ready at all times and chooses which to use one minute before the flight.

Watergate has uncovered an administration racked by factionalism. Under Hoover, the FBI was at odds with the White House—to such a

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degree that Hoover was willing to use secret documents to blackmail the President. In addition, Nixon was having his difficulties with the leaders of the CIA, and James McCord wrote to John Caulfield at Christmas, 1972, that if Nixon pushed out Helms and involved the CIA in Watergate, "every tree in the forest will fall." Could there have been other tensions as well? Were there elements which opposed Nixon for his policy of rapprochement with China and Russia, and which would have preferred, say, Spiro Agnew as President?

After returning from San Diego in July 1972, acting FBI director, L. Patrick Gray, talked to Nixon and said: "Mr. President, there is something I want to speak to you about. Dick Walters and I feel that people on your staff are trying to mortally wound you by using the CIA and the FBI . . ." His words may have carried greater import than any of us have heretofore suspected.

* * *

In August of this year, Godfrey reportedly admitted to the San Diego Door *that there was a real plot to kill Nixon. He blames the plan on his erstwhile cohort, Gary Lynn Davis.* ■

TWO WOMEN

(From page 30)

"Promise me."

"I'm scared now, I'm really scared this time," she said, "you don't know how long this has been going on."

I got up and closed all the windows and I went into the kitchen to look for food. "Is there anything to eat in this house?" I called into the other room.

"There's not a scrap of food in the house," she called back from the bed. "I haven't done a bit of shopping in three weeks, I just don't eat food anymore. I think there's some orange juice in the freezer if you like."

"That's okay," I said, "I'm not hungry anyway."

"Well, at least you don't drink," she called through the rooms.

I came back into the bedroom and sank back down to the floor again, resuming my cross-legged position.

"What do you *really* want to do?" she asked. "Isn't there something you *really* want to do?"

"O, I don't know," I said quite musically.

"If you could only have some fun," she said.

"So what's fun?" I asked.

"Well, you know, like Carlene Rabinowitz, this past weekend, she went down to the Monterey Jazz Festival . . . she spent a weekend there with Jojo before he went off to N.Y., you know he got a 12-week acting job there, and she had a marvelous time with him. And then, she's always making booking engagements for John."

John was a jazz musician Carlene was always setting up concerts for.

"She's always going places, always things to do, always a dialogue with other people, and moving, moving in the real world. With people close by.

"I'm not Carlene Rabinowitz," I said. (Carlene? This is a name for a Jewish girl?)

"I didn't say you were."

"I don't dig her kind of fun, she's very male-oriented, for one thing"; I tried to sound like I had some political conviction or any other kind of conviction; "she has some high school prom idea of fun, that's not me."

"That's not you? What in the world are you talking about, Shayna?"

"Look, she sells her birthright for a pinch on her ass, that's not me, that's not who I am."

"Well, then, who the fuck are you, you poor dumb ass?"

"I'm a Jew, you shmuck, I'm a Jew. I hate the system, do you know? You don't know who I am, do you? *I hate the system, haha,* you don't know me, it's funny, I hate the system, but you don't know."

"What system? What system?" she winced, becoming Jewish right before my eyes.

"The system! the system! Males buying females! Auction blocks! Dominance gestures! Gestures of submission! I will not serve, Georgette, I will not serve. Non serviam, Georgette, non serviam. I will not serve, get it? I will have no idols before me. Thou shalt have no idols before thee, no idols, get it, Georgette? Get it? I will not kiss ass."

"But you must have some fun!" she cried. "There has to be something you're looking to!"

"I'm looking forward to me."

"Then stay home and tickle your own Yiddishe clitoris," she said, "see if I care!" (oy, my Jewish cunt is showing)

I don't see it that way Georgette, I just don't see it that way. You know it's like a scene out of Thomas Mann. He always has these desolate German middle-aged men on desolate afternoons in a deserted park. He sits down on a bench, this old guy, he sits down on a bench, and he knows his life has been a waste, and he hears some kids playing, the kids play their games right under his nose without even seeing him, he's such a nonentity, and he is depressed, as only a German middle-aged man can be depressed, and he feels what a waste, and he really feels it, and he sobs into his big old German wintercoat, and he leaves the park just as the sun is setting and the cold is coming in, he's going home maybe to some loyal spinster sister who's cooked him a hot German supper, and he leaves the park REBORN! Well, I dig the nothingness, but I'm only 39½, can you dig that? I'm only 39½, I'm not 55 yet, I'm only in the middle of the long dark night of the soul, and I dig the nothingness! I dig it like a toy. But there is no redemption for me. I DO NOT LEAVE THE PARK REBORN! I'm not ready to be reborn, I guess."

"Stop it, stop it!" she cried, "stop this talk! I don't want to hear anymore!"

"I know," I said.

"There has to be something you wanna do, there has to be something you're looking forward to, you can't go on like this. You can't take on the system by yourself!"

"It's all right," I smile.

"There hasta be something you wanna do, even if its just going to the library to get out a book on macramé. Shayna!" she screamed. "You hafta do something. You just can't let yourself *die*!"

"I won't die," I replied. "So, what's so bad about dying? We all die someday, in some place, in some way or other. I saw my mother die this summer and it didn't stop. What do you mean by that *just die*? Everybody *just dies,* that's the way you die, you *just die.*"

She started to cry and sob into the sleeping bag and I felt what an ass I am just farting up her afternoon.

"I'm sorry, Georgette, I'm sorry, I'm just feeling a little low today, I shouldn't have come by to lay it all on you. I'll go home now."

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"You don't have to go home," she said.

"I'm poisoning your afternoon," I said.

"You're not poisoning my afternoon, my afternoon was already poisoned long before you got here."

"I don't know," I said. "I'm too high to need a good time, and I'm too depressed to know I'm missing one."

"Just don't talk about how happy you are with your sadness, please, just don't talk about it."

"All right, I won't talk about it."

"How about a walk?" I said.

"Yeah, yeah, a walk might be fine . . . but won't you be too cold? You're feeling cold as it is . . ."

"No. I'll be fine," I said. "I think I'll make a free wee wee in the john first."

I got up off the floor.

"I think I'll make a free wee wee too," she said shyly, drying her eyes.

I waited for her in the foyer while she went to the bathroom. An ashtray full of butts fell over on the floor when my arm accidentally knocked it over. All the butts and ashes were lying there on the beige carpeting when she came out of the john zipping up her fly.

"My god! I weigh a ton," she said. "I must do something about my weight."

"She saw me on my hands and knees. "O," she said, matter of fact, "you knocked the ashtray over."

"I got it, it's okay," I said. I was on the floor on my hands and knees trying to scoop up ashes with my hands.

"Wasn't there a lighted cigarette there too? You didn't finish your cigarette."

"I hate cigarettes. God, what a jerk I am, what a clumsy ass."

She threw her London Fog over the blue jeans and sweater. "Be sure you get the lighted one," she chirped; "I may hate this place but I'm not ready to burn it down yet."

"Don't worry, I'm getting it all."

I rubbed the beige carpet till there was hardly any cigarette ash.

"Are we about ready?" she chirped again.

I hunched myself up, I could hardly stand.

"Wow, I could sure use some of that Bio-Energetics. You look beautiful, Georgette, classical, the Vassar girl, Twenty Years Later." (a shiksa! a shiksa! she is after all a shiksa!)

"Vassar girl, shit, I put my head in the oven so they'd send me home from Vassar."

We walked the soggy streets, the rainy light was dazzling. A reliable collie dog, very courteous, walked past us, stopping first to let us pass.

"Isn't it fine?" she said.

"Yes. Isn't it a fine
Day to visit Madeline?"

That got a laugh out of her.

"Yes," she said. "I always liked the rain; these are my favorite days. I could never live in an apartment house again."

Something made me ask, "Do you want to go home now?" We hadn't walked more than two blocks.

"Yes," she said, "yes. I really must get home."

We turned around. A serious brown dog walked toward us, not as courteous as the first. In the rainy distance, some children were playing at the corner. A little girl of four in a yellow raincoat and red rubber boots kicked the happy rain with her small living legs.

"I'm glad you called the Bio-Energetics man," I said.

"I'm not in it yet," she said. "He has to look me over to see if I fit in his group. If he doesn't think I fit, I can't get in. It's 60 dollars, Shayna, 60 dollars a month, I don't see how I'll do it, I have no bread."

"Just go," I said.

My mouth was dry. I could feel myself choking over the child at the corner in the yellow raincoat and the red boots. When we got to the corner, she jumped out at us with her friends. They made crazy faces at us, and tried to scare us. They opened their mouths to show us they had swallowed rain.

"I'll never dress a kid of mine up in an outfit like that again. And send it out into the rain like that. (my three lovely Jewish children, they're growing older) No kid of mine will ever be that age again.

"What about me? I only have one," said Georgette. "Your kids are small, they need you; at least you still have a reason for living."

I couldn't find my car when we got back to her house.

"Where'd you park it?" she asked.

"Right here. I parked it right in front of your house."

"It was a white car like so many other white cars in California, but the back of it was all scarred and studded with a huge plaster mass that I had just never gotten around to covering up.

"There it is, I see it," I said.

She stood for a moment and watched me get into my car.

"I *really* must go upstairs and get myself back into bed," she said.

"I know," I said. "Thanks."

And since I didn't know what to thank her for, I cried out . . . "Thanks! Thanks for helping me find my car!"

I started it up and headed home. ■

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TO OUR NEWSSTAND READERS:
We thought you might like to see this letter which we recently sent to Ramparts Readers.

Dear Subscriber,

Watergate is like a Freshman class in Hamlet: everybody has his own interpretation of the melancholy Dane's problem. But it must be said that this scandal, far from being the tragedy that commentators and editorialists moan over with dyspeptic regularity, is an enjoyment. For the first time in years, the newspapers are fun to read again; for the first time in years, we read them with a sense that there may be some cosmic justice after all.

But if Watergate is good theatre—which it assuredly is—it does have political drawbacks. Amidst the epigrams, courtroom drama, and television kleig lights, it is possible to lose sight of the larger picture. Where did Watergate begin? Was it the ITT affair, the Lavelle affair, or the Pentagon Papers? Or, for a real understanding of the current political drama, must we go back still further to the origins of the Cold War, the ambience that spawned Richard Nixon, and the cultural hysteria of the fifties?

[I G HT—FROM THE START]

For our part, we must admit that Watergate does not strike us as something startling. We are not blasé about the disclosures, and we try not to be smug, but we feel that the revelations now racking American society are exactly what we have been about during our eleven years as a muckraking magazine. We have a sense of vindication now that the truth, however carefully circumscribed, is finally coming out. It is similar to the feelings we had when the exposé of the My Lai massacre was generally accepted, when Al McCoy's *Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* was published, when the Pentagon Papers were released, and finally when we learned of LBJ's posthumous disclosure that he never believed the conclusion of his own Warren Commission that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone. Most of you know whereof we speak; you must have shared that special sense of pleasure when Senator Ervin said on national TV that the White House plan to control domestic subversives was "Gestapo-like." And you no doubt smiled, as we did, over press accounts of Nixon's real estate deals in San Clemente—a story which RAMPARTS uncovered in its September 1972 issue.

Watergate, the Pentagon Papers and the other crises, affairs, cover-ups, capers, and incidents of the past four years have forced millions of Americans to examine the enfeebled condition of the body politic as never before. History may yet absolve all of us who warned like Cassandras over the past decade that the country was racked by a political contagion with which it was attempting to infect the rest of the world. Now the symptoms have become so obvious that no one can ignore it, although it remains to be seen whether the doctors will come up with the proper diagnosis, let alone adequate treatment.

[BEYOND WATERGATE]

But while the media can legitimately congratulate itself for pressing the Watergate issue, it has by no means exhausted its ramifications. There is, for example, the as yet untold story of the "Cuban connection"—the Miami netherworld of Cuban exiles which coughed up the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Watergate buggers, and an apparently endless supply of *agents provocateurs*. And the truth about Dallas has once again become enticing as it appears that one of the many roads emanating from Watergate could conceivably lead to the vicinity of the grassy knoll.

These are intriguing questions. Not long ago, they would have been written off as "paranoia"—the catch-all term used for critics unable to take America at its word. But Watergate has forced a redefinition of such categories: it may be that such political schizophrenia, as in R. D. Laing, is a truer view of the world than conventional sanity. Questions like these are important ones precisely because they go beyond the immediate issue of Nixon's guilt, where liberal theorists want to stop the investigation. They demand that we look at the pillars of American society—the labor unions, the national security establishment, business, indeed the press itself.

Quite frankly, we don't expect the *New York Times* to use its vast resources to track down the answers to these questions, and so we are using our own meager ones. Muckraking, however, is an expensive undertaking. It is tedious work, and it often requires the expenditure of enormous amounts of time, energy, and money to check out a single fact—and as often as not the effort will be fruitless.

We are reminded of a story which occupied the editors of RAMPARTS for several months back in 1966. It concerned a certain Joel Kaplan, heir to a massive fortune, a CIA operative, and jailed in Mexico on a charge of murder. (Former RAMPARTS editor Warren Hinckle tells the entire story in his book, *The 10 Second Jailbreak*.) Kaplan insisted that he had been framed, that his alleged victim was alive, married and living in the tropical jungles of El Salvador. In an attempt to check this critical fact, the magazine dispatched editor Peter Collier to Central America. He arrived by airplane in San Salvador, rented a jeep, and set out in search of a priest who, it was said, kept marriage records for the region and would be able to verify whether or not the dead man was in fact living in wedlock, holy or unholy as the case may be. After an arduous journey, Collier arrived in the village and found the priest, who looked through his papers and pulled out his marriage book. As Collier watched anxiously, he opened to the appropriate page—only to find that it had been torn out!

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If the muckraker can rarely go on such travels, it is common for investigative journalism to be costly and frustrating. The more profitable media enterprises can and do absorb the expense with ease, and we, in fact, often benefit from the research which other magazines or newspapers have financed. But there are other stories which the established media won't even explore, for one reason or another, and which are left either to RAMPARTS or to oblivion. If we had fat in our budget, we could trim it to the bone and use the savings to cover the expense. But we run the closest thing to a wasteless operation in the publishing world: no expense accounts, poverty-level salaries, cramped quarters, and a tiny staff. We survive on little money and much goodwill. However, goodwill won't pay a printing bill, a phone bill, or the price of a trip to Arizona or Ohio for an interview with an informant.

RAMPARTS has been credited with "reviving the great muckraking tradition," and it is vital that now, when "investigative journalism" has come into its own, the magazine carry on this tradition. It is equally vital that we carry on as the one mass-circulation monthly in America which is beholden to no vested interest, and which is free to analyze and report on contemporary affairs as we see them. The established media has done a commendable job of disclosing the Watergate cover-up, but in other areas it has allowed the emperor's nudity to pass without comment. Not six months ago, it was heralding Henry Kissinger and proclaiming the Paris accords as the long-sought "light at the end of the tunnel." Not five months ago, it served as the Nixon Administration's willing instrument in providing the POWs with a hero's welcome on their return from their terrible missions over Indochina. It has yet to probe the President's trade-off with Russia to obtain "peace" in Indochina.

RAMPARTS alone questioned the solidity of the ceasefire agreements and added a discordant note to celebration of the prisoners' exploits. We were alone, but we were here. In our July issue, you may have read about the rise and fall of Nick Charney's *Saturday Review* as recounted by former senior editor Jon Swan. That magazine ran through $17 million in 16 months, and in the end had nothing to show for it but the piles of typewriters and telephones which sat in the empty offices as the former staff members looked desperately about for jobs and return trips to the East Coast. With one percent of the *Saturday Review*'s largesse, we could have fulfilled our wildest dreams of muckraking, but even without it we can hold our own as America's only mass circulation radical monthly.

RAMPARTS has never had the benefit of such funding, and for some years we have relied on you, our subscribers, to provide us with our operating margin. Now we must ask you to dig deeper into your pockets—to enable us to continue and to undertake some of these ambitious investigative schemes. Make no mistake: the months and years ahead will be stormy ones, in which it will become ever more important that the independent, radical voice of RAMPARTS be heard. You can make sure that it is heard.

For the Editors,

BO BURLINGHAM

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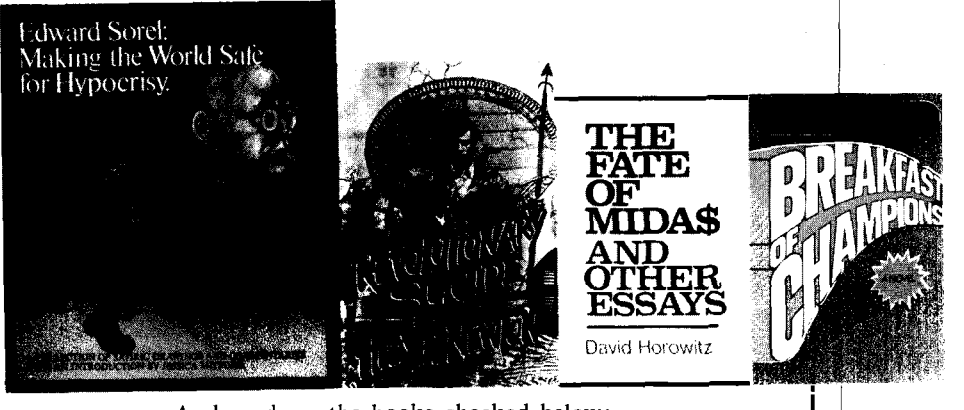

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